

AMBASSADORS OF TWO REIGNS

The Leisure Hour



BOHEMIANS ON PROSPECT HILL

July 1903

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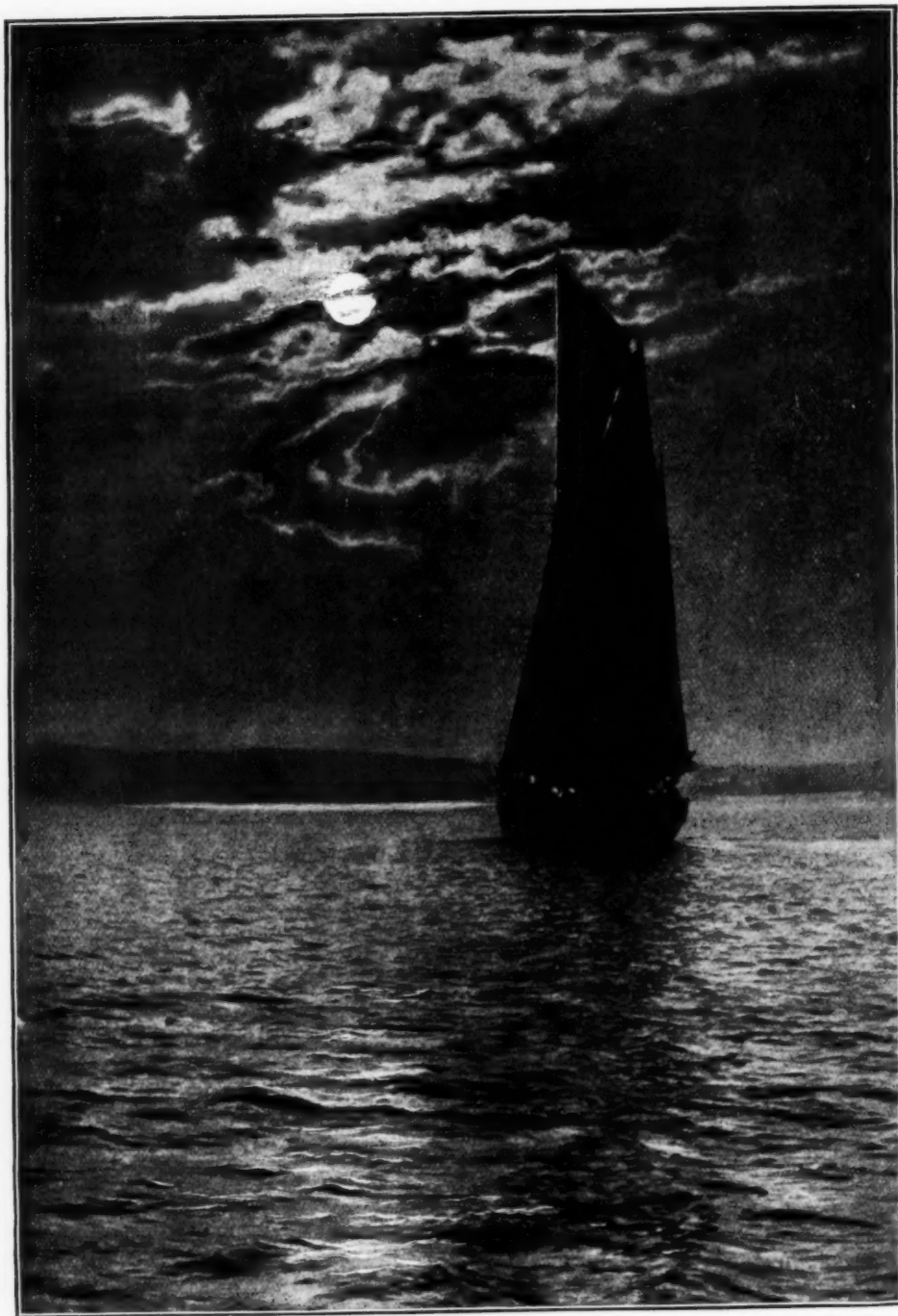
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A SUMMER NIGHT

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Ambassadors of Two Reigns

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT, M.A.

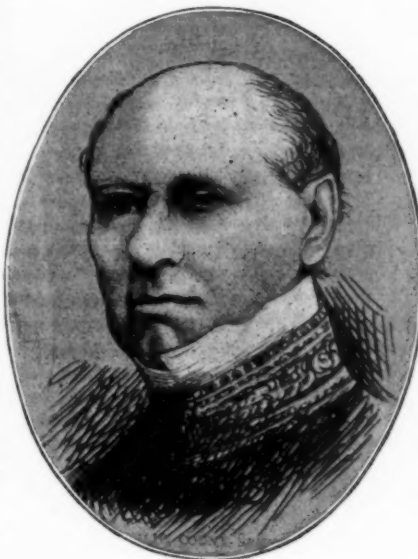
THROUGHOUT the first decade and a half of the nineteenth century, foreign politics and international statesmen were as much the vogue in fashionable, even in unfashionable London, as was to be the case rather less than a hundred years afterwards. It was the period of the Vienna Congress (1814), whose august members had parcelled out, in so lordly a fashion, those parts of Europe over which they possessed not a shadow of lawful authority. The London season of the next year was marked by a *cause célèbre* that thrilled the modish world with the same sort of interest as has been excited in a later age by the appearance of Society paper editors in the law courts. The book of the moment was, beyond a doubt, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's *Memoirs*. That work, in the last years of George III., produced a sensation resembling that caused in the Victorian age by the Greville papers. The earlier volumes, however, raised a scandal, such as the later contrived to avoid.

The secret history of European statesmanship during the era which preceded the outbreak of the Napoleonic wars, introduces no foreign figure so rich in personal interest to Englishmen as Count Woronzow. On the accession of the Czar Paul, Anglo-Russian negotiations had begun concerning the future of Malta, then claimed as the property of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. That question was soon diversified by exchanges of opinion about armed neutrality at sea. The conditions that the continental powers aimed at forcing upon England would have been fatal to that maritime ascendancy, without which the victory of Waterloo might not

have been won, or would have availed little. The international topics in debate caused an endless series of envoys, ordinary and extraordinary, to pass between St. Petersburg and London. The succession of new faces, coming and going from one capital to another, is bewildering in its quickness and variety. Amid those protean changes is one constant personality.

Whatever emissaries of the Czar come or go, Count Woronzow remains. Gradually familiarity with England and the

English breeds so deep an attachment to the country that the Muscovite intermediary decides he must make it his home. Eventually, on the completion of his official term of residence, he settled in the New Forest neighbourhood. Here he lived the life of an English country gentleman. His daughter married the Lord Pembroke of that day. Woronzow's personal popularity in his adopted country presaged that of a later Russian representative at the Court of St. James, Baron Brunnow, during the Crimean War period. Woronzow's English friends were of every class, from



PHILIP, COUNT BRUNNOW

the ultra-fashionable leaders of Mayfair to the middle-class merchants in the Bloomsbury district. One of those bourgeois friends of the diplomatist had long coveted the honour of entertaining Theodore Hook at his house in Russell Square. Woronzow amiably undertook to convey the dinner invitation. Hook, giving eventually a rather ungracious consent, characteristically added, "Where do we change horses?" The Russian agent further ingratiated himself, before finally quitting London, by a piece of magnanimity. Wraxall, in his *Memoirs*, had been so incredibly foolish as to cite Woronzow's authority for a

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scandalous story. The libel action which followed is that already referred to. It was the first famous case of the kind. In the end Wraxall was found guilty, sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of £500. The count having satisfied his honour by the verdict, now set to work by the exercise of his widely-spread influence to secure a diminution of the penalty on his calumniator. The pecuniary mulct does not seem to have been remitted. The term of incarceration was reduced from six months to three. While in confinement Wraxall prepared a new edition of the book, with the offensive matter expunged. The book, as thus emended, sold even better than before. Within two months it had gone out of print, and copies became literally worth their weight in gold.

The diplomatic descendant of Count Woronzow enjoyed, during the middle of the Victorian Age, the same kind of reputation as his predecessor had won under George IV. In 1850, as during many years afterwards, the Russian Embassy—in 1903 in Chesham Place—was at the other end of the town in Portland Place, close to where now stands the Langham Hotel. The sweeper, who kept the crossing just outside the Muscovite mansion, reputed to be one of Wellington's old soldiers, beamed with smiles whenever he heard the Russian Embassy's front door open. For as surely as the ambassador issued forth, before stepping into his brougham, he placed a small silver piece, not a threepenny-bit, into the man's hand. "If," the latter used to say, "the Rooshans are all like that, I wish they would come to us, instead of we going all the way to invade them." It was, indeed, really a question, whether, of the two popular idols of that period, Baron Brunnow would not have more suffrage from the mob than Lord Palmerston himself.

As in the streets, so in the salon, Brunnow

charmed the older generation by a certain urbane stateliness that seemed a reminiscence of the old *régime*. The younger of both sexes were dazzled and delighted by the courtly vivacity of his manner, as well as by the fresh stream of anecdotes, flavoured to suit all tastes, perennially flowing from his lips. Did any institution, possessing the merest shadow of recommendation, need a contribution to make good a deficit—the next post seldom failed to bring the ambassador's cheque. Was an illustrious president, at the eleventh hour, prevented from taking the chair at a public dinner—the baron walked gallantly



LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE

up to the vacant seat, filled it, and invariably headed the subscription list with an exemplary gift. In July 1853 the Russian troops were hourly expected to pass the Pruth. That was known to mean war; yet, at this moment, occurred the most pacific exchange of conversational witticisms between the Russian ambassador and the arch-opponent of his country in the English Cabinet. Said Brunnow one day to Palmerston, "Well, I think the Turkish Empire is now going to pieces." "That," rejoined the Foreign Secretary, "makes me think of what happened to me a few hours ago

in the street. A man bustled up to me and said, 'My lord, my lord, you will lose your handkerchief.' 'No,' I replied, 'my good friend, my handkerchief is quite safe if you don't take it.'" For some years the baron had been credited with possessing the intimate confidence of Napoleon III. Of Palmerston's capacity, he missed no opportunity of inspiring all he met with his own high opinion. "The Foreign Secretary," he used to say, "comes to any conference, so fully and completely master of the subject in all its minutest details, as to be almost apt to lose himself in his matchless capacity for acquiring facts, as to seem in danger of being smothered under the minutiae." Brunnow, it should be said, had

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Ambassadors of Two Reigns

been first sent to England by the Czar in the summer of 1839 to invite the intervention of the Great Powers in the quarrel between the Sultan and Pasha of Egypt. Melbourne's Cabinet rejected the overture at first. The next year it was accepted. The treaty of July 15, 1840, followed. Nicholas had thus succeeded in his first object of sowing seeds of estrangement between the Great Powers, especially France and Egypt. As ambassador or minister Brunnow remained in England during five-and-thirty years.

On the outbreak of the Crimean War, Brunnow, of course, was recalled. His own sorrow at leaving was universally reciprocated by his London acquaintances. There are those still living who can recall the farewell dinner given to the ambassador at the Clarendon Hotel, Bond Street, on the day after he had presented his letter of recall. More emotion could not have been shown by the hosts if the evening's guest had been some favourite Englishman proceeding in jeopardy of his life to the seat of war. As regards personal appearance, this most notable figure in the *corps diplomatique* of the Victorian Age has been spoken of as if his face, figure, and bearing conformed to the ambassadorial type of Russian presented upon the stage. As a fact, Brunnow almost startled English society by his resemblance to the most extraordinary Briton of that age—the great Lord Brougham. One point of resemblance was alone wanting to complete the likeness. The extreme mobility of Brougham's features contrasted itself with the marble repose which never deserted the diplomatist's countenance. Especially might the same nose have been observed in both; perhaps the only difference lay in the fact that Brougham's nostrils were never for a moment in rest.

During Brunnow's residence in London, England's most illustrious representative in the near East was perhaps the most

variously interesting as well as the most powerful of our diplomatists in the last century. Sir Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, still remains a living and magnificent memory of the Crimean epoch. Kinglake's portrait of the great Eltchi in the earlier part of his history was abundantly complete for the purpose of that book. It may, however, be supplemented now with some personal touches. For these the present writer is chiefly indebted to the fresh reminiscences of the ambassador's friend, A. W. Kinglake himself. By the author of *Eöthen* he was presented to the great Eltchi during those

quiet days on the borderland between Kent and Sussex, where Lord Stratford de Redcliffe found exactly the death which another wanderer of old time had desired. "Very gentle and very gradual in some peaceful spot I love may the end come to me." So prayed the most international son of classic Helas. So passed away the most diversely accomplished diplomatist ever sent forth by the England of Queen Victoria. In his attachment to Eton, to all its associations, whether of persons or of studies, the great Eltchi remained to the last constant. The place continued to be to him



SIR W. A. WHITE

what it had been before to his cousin George or to Wellesley, who expressed his feelings on revisiting the old scenes in a well-known couplet—

"Post varios casus, post tot discrimina vite
In gremium redeo serus Etona, tuum."

Stratford Canning as a boy had been only less expert than his famous cousin George in Latin versification. Taste and leisure enabled him to resume the pursuit, at a much later age than the statesman could find time to do. George Canning's political master, the younger Pitt, knew his Vergil almost as well as Charles Fox himself. George Canning always showed himself as consummate a Grecian as was Macaulay

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or even Gladstone, and among living politicians, Sir George Trevelyan, and Lord Morley, who as Boringdon of Balliol was one of the few undergraduates of his day who read Aristophanes as light literature for leisure moments. As an Eton Colleger, Stratford had been more of a Greek scholar than George himself, or even than the accomplished friend of both, John Hookham Frere. To the last Lord Stratford when crippled by gout beguiled wakeful nights by turning nursery rhymes into Greek iambs. On, I think, the first occasion of my seeing him, during the period now recalled, he was what Kinglake called

rayonnant, at his triumph in having done "Little Jack Horner and his Christmas Pie" into senarii, that defied the criticism of experts so fastidious as his friends Abraham Hayward and Dean Arthur Stanley. These must have been the years when Lord Stratford's intense religious convictions were expressing themselves in his book on *Christian Evidences* and another volume, *The Greatest of Miracles*. While these books were being prepared, parts of them were read by the author to Dean Stanley and to Lord Shaftesbury. The latter's comment on his old friend's vitality and vigour was, I remember, "Somehow or other the love of Christ keeps people very young and fresh however old they may be. God be with you and all of us in time and in eternity." It was indeed a beautiful old age, a picturesquely and a strikingly complete continuation of a great and beautiful career.

"The first diplomatist born of the middle classes and proud of his birth," was the description of himself given to me by this man whose life had been passed in the society of sovereigns and statesmen. "Depend upon it," he often remarked to his old friend Hayward, "there is no blend in the world like that of Western England and Ireland." Both those strains entered

into the composition of the two famous Canning cousins, Stratford and George. Between the two regions named much commerce existed when the Canning family was first brought into repute by success in trade. At all stages of its development Stratford Canning possessed a distinctly Hibernian face. That will be seen by any one who cares to consult the absolutely life-like portraits given in Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's authentic and fascinating biography. At Eton as at King's, "Paddy" could not help being Stratford's nickname. Years gave finish and dignity to the features of the Irish Celt. They developed, how-

ever, but did not in the slightest degree change the essentials of the countenance. A profound and all-pervading sense of kinship united all the Canning name into a close clan. Even in advanced old age Lord Stratford seldom spoke of his cousin without betraying deep and warm emotion. George Canning, of course, had done everything for him, had not only sent but had taken him to Eton, had watched over him at Cambridge while he was yet an undergraduate, had got him as *précis* writer into the Foreign Office, had in this way made his career. About him Lord

Stratford used to abound in reminiscences; he had been with the minister in his room at the Treasury, when there arrived a letter from Sheridan, at that moment in sickness and want, asking a loan of £200, and enclosing an IOU for the amount. Canning's reply was to write a cheque, and to tear up the borrower's acknowledgment. Charles Fox and William Pitt both were clearly recalled by the ambassador;—Fox, conspicuous for his big swarthy face and an enormous expanse of white waistcoat; Pitt always remarkable by his lofty, aloof manner, when interrupted during a great speech in the House, at first ignoring it, but at last in his most majestic manner appealing to the Speaker, "Am I then to be put down by

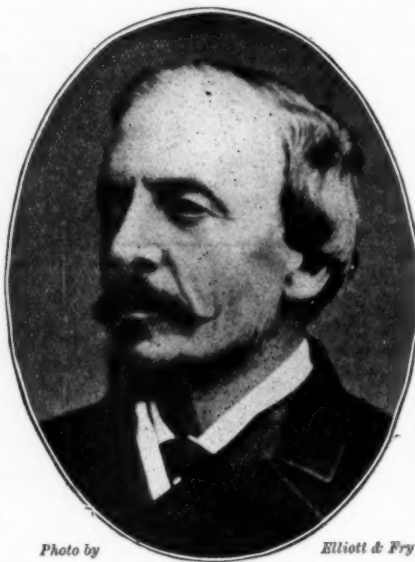


Photo by

Elliott & Fry

LORD DUFFERIN

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clamour?" Cambridge like Eton days were always recalled with pleasure; Porson remarking, "What is it to me that I am the greatest Greek scholar in Europe if I cannot borrow £100?" or uttering some autobiographic doggerel—

"I went to Geneva and there got drunk
With that famous professor Brunck;
I went to Bonn and got more drunken
With that more famous professor Bruncken."

Charles Simeon, the Evangelical leader, also revisited the University. While preaching he impressed Stratford by the bright expression of calm piety that his face wore.

England waited for a decade after Stratford Canning's death before being again represented at Constantinople by a man whose calibre approached that of the great Eltchi. The present writer's acquaintance with Sir William White began soon after he had risen to the top of the Consular service. The earliest occasion of the meeting was a dinner-party in Paris, given by Dr. Alan Herbert, our former Colonial Secretary's brother. Among the guests was also a French diplomatist, an exceedingly *rusé* man of the world, Baron de Billing, who, too, met White for the first time. "That com-

patriot of yours," remarked to me the Frenchman, "before he dies will fill the place of your Lord Stratford de Redcliffe." These words were said while, after dinner, we were strolling towards an electrical exhibition then open in the Champs Elysées. As we went through the show, White dazzled and delighted us all by a knowledge, instinctive seemingly rather than acquired, of everything that pertained to the building's contents, their purpose and their history. "Yet," remarked our host, "he never gave any special attention to the subject. But living in all sorts of places with his eyes and ears ever open, he has inhaled its mysteries like the air." The beauty of White's broad brow and large clear eyes (and it was great)

belonged to a less distinctively patrician and Irish type than did the faultless features of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. White, however, did not lack antiquity of family descent or a Celtic strain in his blood. His father had been in the Consular, afterward in the Colonial service; he died Governor of Trinidad. His mother was a daughter of Neville Gardiner, the last envoy sent by England to a Polish court, under King Stanislas Augustus. The life of White, like that of de Redcliffe, strikingly illustrated in its general course, as well as in its details, the overruling by Providence of human purposes. The great Eltchi

became an ambassador in spite of himself, because his cousin was a Foreign Secretary. An envoy to Copenhagen while yet a Cambridge undergraduate, he was no sooner established at Constantinople than his one consuming thought became, with all speed to shake the Turkish dust from off his feet, and never more to see the "hateful place." A seat in the House of Commons—if not that, a mastership at Eton or a tutorship at King's, would have been his idea of perfect happiness in comparison with lifelong exile in the greatest of British Embassies. Sir William White, like de



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LORD CURRIE

Redcliffe a Cambridge man, never indeed saw, in the House of Commons or in the cloister, attraction transcending those of diplomacy. Yet it was almost an accident that made him after many years Stratford Canning's successor on the Golden Horn. In the Turco-Russian war, 1877-8, the Roumanians proved such brave allies to the Czar that they were rewarded with national independence. In 1881 their prince was recognised as a king. That was the moment at which began White's Bucharest consulship. At any other moment the transition from the Consular into the Diplomatic service could scarcely have been accomplished; as it was, the man who had started in 1857 as a vice-consul, really in

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THE LATE LORD SAVILE, G.C.B.

From a painting.

1885, nominally in 1886, became ambassador at Constantinople, holding the office till his death in 1891.

Notwithstanding difference of personal antecedents and family connections, Lord Dufferin proved himself an ambassador of the same order as Sir William White. Apart from his other world-wide experiences, during his Syrian mission of 1860 he had gained the same intimate local knowledge with all branches of the near Eastern question as that which Sir William White took with him to the post once filled by Stratford Canning. Under Queen Victoria set in the tendency to regard thorough official training as a better qualification for the representatives of England at foreign courts, than membership of a "governing family." Sir Julian Pauncefote, in Whitehall and in China, had learned practical expertness in ambassadorial work before becoming accredited to Washington. His latest successor, as a Herbert by birth, belongs indeed to the old order; but it was a thorough drilling within the Foreign Office which developed the native abilities that have recently secured a successful settlement of a territorial dispute which had long vexed our relations both with our Canadian fellow-subjects and our United States neighbours. The former Sir Philip Currie, now Lord Currie, and Sir Henry

Drummond Wolff have both retired. Each by professional apprenticeship from early youth qualified for the representation of his sovereign in Madrid and Rome respectively. Lord Currie brought with him to the seven hills city the personal taste and the diplomatic aptitudes that still cause his predecessor, Sir John Savile Lumley who died Lord Savile, to be agreeably remembered. Himself possessed of a cultured taste in art and letters, with, as ambassador, one of the most brilliant women of her time, Lord Currie like Lord Savile made his house a social and intellectual centre for visitors as well as a residence for the whole Anglo-Saxon world. Among the later ambassadors of the late reign who most nearly resembled the chief of their profession, the great Eltchi, was Lord Lyons, probably the best representative England ever secured at Paris. Many of Stratford Canning's intellectual tastes Lyons possessed. He was especially fond of the occasional verses which, with George Canning at the Foreign Office and Hookham Frere as his second in command, had become in those early days a diplomatic accomplishment.

"There was an ape in the days that were earlier,
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,
Then he was man and a Positivist."



LORD LYONS

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These clever lines are from the *British Birds*, written by Mortimer Collins. Lord Lyons heard them accidentally quoted by the present writer. He was immensely taken by them. He did not rest till he had secured a copy of the entire composition, and had left no stone unturned to befriend its writer. If that were like Stratford de Redcliffe, in another respect Lord Lyons presented to him a marked

contrast. Stratford Canning had played in the Eton eleven against Byron on the Harrow side; he was to his life's end a muscular Christian. Lyons, on the other hand, never distinguished himself in games at Winchester; as an ambassador, he was fond with perfect truth of appropriating a boast of the late Charles Mathews, "I never walk a mile and I never have a headache."

The Intriguers

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE story opens in an old inn in Paris in August 1714. There Rosamund Welby and her companion, Fräulein Groesbeck, are awaiting the arrival of Rupert Frayne, Rosamund's lover, whom she wants to detach from the Jacobite cause. In another room in the same hotel Gachette, Starbuck and Leicester North are hatching a Jacobite plot to intercept the new King of England, George I., on his way from Herrenhausen through Holland to London. They see a woman disappearing, and conclude that Rosamund Welby has been listening at the door.

Starbuck is the man chosen to go to Venlo and give the other conspirators warning of the route of the new King. On his way at night to meet them at Horst, he falls in with four armed horsemen, with whom he fights desperately. He is unhorsed and left for dead, after being deprived of important secret papers which he carried.

Rosamund Welby, remaining in Paris, is handed a letter, telling her that Rupert Frayne has been thrown from his horse and carried to a house at Vincennes. The bearer, whom she has previously seen in conversation with Leicester North and Gachette, offers to escort her to Vincennes in the conveyance which he has brought, and she goes with him. The carriage stops at the Château de Vincennes, which she enters, only to find that Rupert has never been there at all, and that she herself is a prisoner. Meantime Fräulein Groesbeck has persuaded Rupert Frayne to ride off to intercept on his own account the plotters and prevent the murder of the King. When she returns to the inn, she is horror-struck to find from Gachette that Rosamund has disappeared.

On Rupert's return, he announces to the Fräulein that the plot has failed, and that King George is safely on his way to England. Then he learns with horror of the disappearance of Rosamund, and vows that he will find her. Sitting in an inn at Vélizy, he overhears Dubois, the man who had carried off Rosamund, telling his story to his daughter's intended husband, from which he gathered that Leicester North had betrayed Rosamund's whereabouts. Then he puts up his servant-man, Silas Todd, to try to find out the secret of where Rosamund has been taken to. On his return to 'La Pomme d'Or' he finds Anna Groesbeck in tears, and learns from her that Rosamund's father has been drowned.

Silas soon makes friends with Jeanne Dubois, and gradually learns from her the place of Rosamund's imprisonment. He suggests to Rupert that it might be possible to obtain Jeanne's help in rescuing Rosamund, and adds that Jeanne's cousin, a master mason, is about to repair the roof at the Château de Vincennes. Silas then promises Jeanne a thousand louis for her father if he will help Rosamund to escape, and refrain from executing his warrant for the arrest of Rupert. The Governor of Vincennes tells Rosamund of the warrant for Rupert's arrest, and tries in vain to persuade her to obtain her own freedom by renouncing her love for him. But Rupert finds his way, disguised as a workman, to the roof of the Château, and in a short time Rosamund is free. She is lowered to Silas, who waits below.

Rupert and Rosamund then make their escape to England. A fortnight before the day fixed for their marriage, however, the Earl of Stair, British Ambassador in Paris, forwarded a document to the English Government, in which Rupert Frayne was charged with being concerned in a plot to assassinate the King of England.

CHAPTER XXII.—THEIR WEDDING DAY

TWO months after their arrival in England Rupert Frayne and Rosamund Welby became man and wife, they being married at St. Mary's-le-Strand, with, for witnesses, Silas Todd and Jeanne

Dubois. Anna Groesbeck would herself have been Rosamund's bridesmaid but that, some time before the former had been rescued from Vincennes, she had hurriedly crossed over to Holland to attend her father who was lying seriously ill at Rotterdam, and from whose side she could not

The Intriguers

depart even at this important moment in the existence of her friend and former pupil. Because of Rosamund's recent loss of her own father there were, consequently, no other witnesses than these two. Because, also, of the talk which there had been in London—talk aided and conduced to by various fragments of gossip in the newspapers which were now going out of existence, and the newspapers which had come in—*The Postboy*, *The Daily Courant*, *The Weekly News* and many others—as to how Rupert Frayne had rescued his betrothed from a French prison, neither of them were desirous of their wedding being anything but an inconspicuous one.

So they were married early in the year succeeding to that in which George I. ascended the English throne; a year in which, already, the murmurings of an approaching storm could be heard in the air and when tumults were taking place in many of the provinces. When, too, clergymen openly drank the French King's health; when the Duke of Argyll, General and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's land forces in Scotland, received private notice that the Chevalier was coming from France, espoused by that King; and when Bolingbroke, with his eyebrows blackened and in the disguise of a servant, had fled to France.

They were married amidst troublous times, and those times doubly troublous to all who were known or suspected to be, or to have ever been, followers of the house of Stuart.

And now, upon the night of that marriage, Rupert Frayne was seated with his bride of a few hours in the saloon of an old house which he owned at Fulham; a house so remote from the ordinary high-road out of London that one might well have considered that they were a hundred, or two hundred, miles away from the capital. For this house was situated at the end of a lane known from mediæval days, if not earlier ones, as Broom Lane; it was surrounded by large umbrageous trees in which the nightingales sang day and night in summer, so still was all around; while its soft, velvety lawn was washed by the Thames as it flowed between it and the village of Wandsworth. Outside the house, it being a continuation of the road which ran from Parson's Green, was a causeway leading into the river, at which many a Jacobite had come ashore in King William's reign

to obtain hiding in the home of the Fraynes. And, also, on dark nights, many other Jacobites had departed by boat from that causeway, and, with good fortune attending them, had got down the river and past London Bridge (garnished sometimes with the heads of those who held the same political faith as they!) and away to the freedom which exile alone could give.

To-night, this newly-made husband and wife sat in their great saloon with a huge fire blazing on the hearth, and, on the walls, many white wax-candles in sconces and girandoles, as well as a great branch-candelabra on the table before them, all of which lights threw their reflections on pictures and costly hangings and gilded furniture, and made a bright and cheerful setting to everything within the room. Wherefore, what did it matter to them that, sweeping up the river from the east, there came a bitter wind which bent the leafless branches of the trees surrounding the lawn, and brought upon its boisterous breath the snow that was gradually whitening all around as it fell and lay? What did anything matter now, Rupert asked, since they were wed, and there was nothing but death that could part them henceforth?

"Ah!" cried Rosamund, as he mentioned that dark and mournful word, "do not speak of death, nor even whisper it upon our wedding night. To speak of death upon a wedding day is ominous!"

"Why, sweetheart," said Rupert, drawing a little closer—just a little nearer!—to her, "why, sweetheart, the mention of it cannot cause it to come! And, even though it came into this very room to-night, I would fight it, baffle it. Do you believe the grim and grisly old spectre could part us on our wedding day?"

"Forbear!" cried Rosamund imploringly. "Oh! my love, you do not know, you cannot know, how that very spectre has seemed to be hovering near me ever since they took me a prisoner to that hideous, horrible place—Vincennes. Oh! Rupert, since you have spoken of death let me tell you how my thoughts have always dwelt upon it, how when I lay down upon my bed at night in that garret, I seemed to see in the room the spectres of all those who must have died there. Spectres," she continued, almost whisperingly, "that cast no shadow in the moonlight gleaming through the window, whose steps made no sound as

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"AH!" SHE CRIED, IN ALMOST A SHRIEK, "LOOK AT THAT CANDLE. IT IS GOING SLOWLY OUT!"

they stole softly through the darkness, from whose lips no sound of breathing came."

"Rosamund!" cried Rupert, "Rosamund, this is worse than aught I said. I did but mention death—you picture it in awful horrors. And on our wedding night!

Come, let us be gay. Nay, do you start at that!" he cried, observing her do so as from a room a little away from where they sat there came a merry peal of laughter. "Tush, child! 'tis but Silas and Jeanne joking together, and wishing us long life

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and happiness. Come, my sweetheart! Up, let us be gay!"

"I cannot," the girl replied, "I am full of horror, of awful dread of some impending fatality. Oh! I fear! I fear! I fear I know not what. Perhaps 'tis but our northern superstition, the superstition of the cold, cruel North from which we Welbys come—but, to-night, I shudder with horror. Ah!" she cried, in almost a shriek, "look at that candle. It is going slowly out!"

In solemn truth, a strange thing had happened. On a side-table by the fire there stood in a deep, massive silver candlestick a solitary wax candle, it being placed there because that part of the great room was in almost darkness, and Rosamund had said an hour before that she could not bear any corner left unlit on such a night as this. Yet now, even as she declared that she was full of fear of some unknown, intangible horror, this candle became dull and lifeless and burned dimly. Then, a second later, it went out!

"Oh!" she cried, even as her husband threw his arm round her, "it is an omen! An omen of doom. In the North they say it foretells a sudden end to those who see such a thing. Ah! Rupert, hold me close to you."

"My darling love," cried Rupert, though even as he spoke it seemed to him as if into his own heart there was creeping some weird feeling of impending disaster, as well as a feeling that the blood within his veins was slowly chilling, "my darling love, you are distraught—weakened by all you have gone through of late. Calm yourself, remember I am by your side. And, child, this house is old, very old; it is full of draughts of air. One of them has doubtless extinguished that candle."

"Not there," she said, her eyes directed to the spot where the candle stood, while in them there was ever the look of terror. "Not there. There is no draught in that corner away from the window; it is the most sheltered spot in all the room. And, Rupert—Rupert—observe the others which are in the middle of the room. They do not even flicker, but burn steadily. There is no draught whatever here."

"Even so," he whispered in her ear, kissing her again and again and striving to soothe her, "even so, we are not children, my sweet. Are we to be frightened by a candle, doubtless made faultily?"

But still, in spite of these and many

other comforting words, she could not be soothed, and, while standing before the fire with her head upon his breast, let her eyes, still full of fear, wander round the room. That her ears were also on the alert, Rupert could well divine; he observing as he gazed down upon her that every sense was strained to the utmost. What did she expect to hear, what to see, in that old house which had been occupied by many generations of his family when in London? What? Surely she did not dread that any ghosts of dead-and-gone Fraynes should appear in this brilliantly-lighted saloon; surely she could not fear that any silent-footed, shadowless and breathless spectres, such as she had imagined visited her at Vincennes, should confront her here. Here! with her husband by her side and with his arms about her!

Then, suddenly, she gave a little moaning gasp; in a moment he could feel that she was trembling all over; in another he heard her whisper, murmur, hoarsely: "Look! Look! Again!" And now she wrenched herself from out that loving, enfolding embrace and stood rigid by his side, one arm outstretched, while she pointed with a trembling hand towards the table in the centre of the room. Towards, too, the topmost candle in the great candelabra—one of those that but a moment or so before she had said burned steadily and without flicker.

Watching it—with upon him now the weird creepiness intensified which he had felt before—he saw that it, too, was about to expire. It was growing dim, although but three parts consumed and with still a foot of its length left—its light was departing—in an instant more it was gone, extinguished—dead! Gone as the life goes out of the dying, gone as those who, alive in this world one moment, are dead the next.

"Two lives," she whispered now, "two lives, if those in the North speak truly! Two! Yours and mine, my husband. Yours and mine!"

A moment later she had left his side, and, in another, stood rigid in the centre of the room for a moment, while, in a third, she had advanced swiftly to where the expired candle was and had touched it with her finger. But that wick was cold and stiff—cold and stiff as is the wick of a candle that has been extinguished for hours, or even since the night before.

"Doomed!" she murmured, turning her

eyes upon her husband, eyes usually radiantly beautiful, but now, in her terror and superstition, lustreless and dim. "Doomed. I know it, I feel it. What is around us? what is encompassing us? Let me see out into the night, let me see what is hovering near us."

An instant afterwards she had crossed the room and reached the heavy tapestry curtains that hung in front of the great window; had torn them aside and was gazing into the darkness of the night and at the snow lying white and all around, and on the causeway down to where the river was flowing. Yet, in an instant, she had staggered back with a shriek that rang through the house and brought not only her husband to her side but all within it.

"Ah!" she cried, "I knew it. I divined evil—peril. And it has come. Oh! my love, my love, fly, begone while there is time. See! six men have landed on the causeway from a boat—they are armed—they are coming towards the house. Oh!" she screamed, "they are soldiers. Fly, while there is still time."

"Soldiers!" replied Rupert, watching in amazement from the window those men she had spoken of, as now they advanced up the causeway, while walking carefully so as not to slip on the slime above it. "Soldiers. Nay! why should I fly? They can have naught to do with me. Why should I fly?"

"Ah, Rupert!" she said. "You are wilful, mad to the last. Doubtless all is known, the news has reached England, they have come to take you. And on our wedding day," she moaned, "on our wedding day."

"Child," Rupert answered, "this is folly. Even though I planned your escape from Vincennes, that is no crime here, in England.



SHE HAD STAGGERED BACK WITH A SHRIEK THAT RANG THROUGH THE HOUSE

It is not for me they come, it is not to this house they seek admission."

Was it not for him? Yet if so, why at that moment did there fall upon the door below a heavy knock, a knock loud, imperative, authoritative? Why, also, was that knock followed a moment later by the sound of a voice saying—

"Open in the name of the King!"

"Bah!" said Rupert, "the fools are mistaken in the house. There are many Jacobites sheltering hereabouts—God help them all!—and 'tis doubtless for one of them they come. Go you, Silas," he said, turning to his comrade, who, with Jeanne and one or two servants, had entered the room as Rosamund's shriek rang through the house, "and tell them that he whom they seek is not, cannot be, here."

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Yet Rosamund knew and understood that these men were not mistaken: she knew for whom they had come and why, the only wonder in her brain being that her husband who knew as well, nay better, than she could do why they must have come, should still at the last moment assume such ignorance.

"Fly!" she cried again. "Fly! we can meet again soon; I can rejoin you. But, if you remain—then—then—ah! the candle spoke truly——"

"Are you mad?" he cried, bending over her. "Are you mad? Or have you some strange delusion in your brain born of all that you have suffered——"

"Am I mad!" she repeated, looking up at him from the deep lounge into which she had partly fallen and partly thrown herself. "Am I mad! Listen, Rupert, to what they are saying below, and tell me if it is not you who are mad to stay here one moment. One moment when all are so precious, when you might still escape from that window."



"WHAT! YOU BELIEVE THAT! YOU—MY WIFE"

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CHAPTER XXIII.—LEARNED IN THE LAW

Obedying her, listening as she bade him to the sounds that came through the door left open by Silas as he rushed out followed by Jeanne, he heard the words—

"Yes, a warrant against him issued on the charge of having ridden from Paris to Holland between the nights of the 31st of August and the 3rd of September last year, with the intention of killing His Majesty the King."

"It is a wicked lie," Silas was heard to reply.

"It is the truth. Now bid him descend. Any attempt at escape is futile, the house is surrounded on all sides by my men. If he appears otherwise than in our hands he will be fired upon on the instant."

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed Rosamund, "I knew it, and you would not depart while there was time. Rupert, Rupert, I was sure, I divined, I knew that this must rise up against you at last. Oh! my darling, my darling, why did we ever come to England, knowing that you had done this thing?"

"Rise up against me," cried Rupert, staring at her like one bereft; "'why come to England, knowing I had done this thing!' What thing have I done? What is there to rise up against me?"

But she, almost fainting now, almost mad with fear and terror and horror, could only moan, "Ah! my love, my love, pretence is vain. That ride to Holland—that—determination to slay—the—"

"What!" he cried, staggering back from her, his hands thrust out before him as though to ward off some terrible thing, his eyes ablaze. "What! You believe that! You—my wife. That I should do that! Oh! this is too much. You believe it, Rosamund? Answer me. Do you believe it, too?"

But she could speak no more, and was only able to lie there weeping and sobbing bitterly. For a moment he stood above her looking down upon her prostrate form, then, bending over her, he kissed her gently on the brow, whispering once: "You believed that!" and so left her side.

A moment later he crossed the room and went out into the passage, and to the head of the stairs above the spot at which those men were who had come to arrest him. Then, gazing down at them as they stood with upturned eyes looking at him, he said—

"I am Rupert Frayne. You can execute your warrant."

FIVE months had passed and the end of May 1715 was come ere the trial of Rupert Frayne for "compassing and imagining the death in foreign parts of our Sovereign Lord the King" (under an Act of 25 Edward III.) took place.

During those five months Rupert had lain in Newgate, he buying from the Governor, or, as that official was then termed shortly, the Gaoler, many reliefs and comforts—if comforts were indeed to be obtained in such a hell upon earth as was this prison at that time! Yet, nevertheless, even in this abode of horror money could do much—it could obtain, even for those who lay round the Felons' Quadrangle, something better in the way of food than the nine-and-a-half-ounce loaf which was the allowance made to keep them alive until they should either be hanged or transported to our American Colonies, or released. It would also give to all and every one who possessed it "the choice of irons," which meant that, after the heaviest irons had been put on the prisoner which the gaol contained, he or she could exchange them for the lightest not then in use by payment of money, while half-a-crown would procure for the unhappy man, or woman, the right to sleep single in his or her bed. Which—in the then state of Newgate—was extremely desirable on the score of health and cleanliness, to say nothing of comfort. Money, too, prevented the warders from acting on the old Newgate legend of "Pay or Strip," which, being done into English, simply meant that he who had not the wherewithal to pay for his Garnish or Chummage—which in their turn meant his footing—might be assaulted roughly and have all his clothing stripped from off him.

These things of course Rupert Frayne was able to avoid, since—until the time should come when he might be found guilty of High Treason and he and his heirs deprived of all he possessed—he was a rich man. But still there were other things which not even Cræsus himself could have avoided had he been thrown into that dark and noisome den. He could not have escaped seeing and hearing the brawling and profanity which accompanied the gaming that went on all day, the horrible language which was used over the playing of cards, dice, skittles, portobello and

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mississippi, billiards, fives and tennis, nor the heart-rending shrieks of women and the hideous imprecations of men which came each morning from the condemned hole as a dozen or so were brought out to be dragged to Tyburn.

"For all of which things," said Rupert to Silas Todd, a day or so after he had been brought by water from Fulham to Whitefriars, and thence to the prison, "I would not have my dear one come too often to see me. Perhaps they may try me soon, and then—well!—then—surely justice will be done."

"Justice will be done," said Silas. "Never fear. This Mr. Hungerford, whom your attorney has secured, doth appear to know how to manage juries. Already he has obtained the release of one or two who were here when you were brought in. He comes to see you to-night."

The barrister of whom Silas spoke was at the time a redoubtable counsel of whom great things were said, and although still young was talked of as one who would go far—which indeed might have been the case had he not been carried off some two or three years later by the small-pox, and just after he had made all England ring for a second time by his defence of Francis Francia, the Jew, who was tried for High Treason, and acquitted owing to Mr. Hungerford's efforts. The first time on which he made all England thus ring was when he defended Rupert Frayne on an earlier charge of the same nature, with a result which has yet to be narrated.

That night he did come to Newgate to see Rupert, as Silas had said he intended to do, accompanied by that faithful friend and servitor, while Silas was himself accompanied to the prison gates by no less a person than Jeanne Dubois, who was now his duly affianced wife. And, although Mr. Hungerford did not perhaps obtain his full meed of appreciation from either Silas or Rupert until the latter stood his trial and was defended by the gifted lawyer, he at least managed early in his intercourse to procure a considerable amount of respect from them both by the worldly knowledge which he showed himself to be possessed of.

"The Rue de Valois!" he exclaimed this evening in very excellent French, after he had been duly presented to Jeanne, and while he thrust a remarkably white hand into a tortoiseshell snuff-box and then brushed the grains off his choice lace stein-

kirk with a filmy Valenciennes handkerchief. "The Rue de Valois! Why, mademoiselle," and here he bowed as low as any dandy of Versailles or of Pall Mall might have bowed to a French or English duchess, "I know it very well. In truth, I do. I studied law in France for three years and lived hard by your street. In the Rue des Carmes. And so mademoiselle is the daughter of an exempt! Well! well! I wonder if mademoiselle would believe that I, a grave and serious musty lawyer, have in my day been in the hands of the exempts myself. For debt, 'tis true. Only for debt! Yet I have laid in Bicêtre a month and more." And Mr. Hungerford laughed merrily and tapped his red heel on the flagstones outside Newgate while the door was being opened.

"Mademoiselle would believe almost anything of monsieur," Jeanne replied, her words being accompanied by a roguish glance from her eyes, "except that monsieur should be a grave and serious lawyer—*un avocat*."

"Yet that is what I am—as mademoiselle shall see when I defend Mr. Frayne. For I do assure mademoiselle I can be very serious with a jury, and the more especially serious when I take a witness in hand. Oh! I can." And although Mr. Hungerford still laughed and still waved his scented lace handkerchief a good deal, there was a look in his grey eyes and a firmness about his mouth which convinced both Silas and his sweetheart that this man's reputation had not been wrongfully acquired.

At first Rupert, to whom Mr. Hungerford was now conducted, was himself rather doubtful as to whether this light and airy dandy in a scarlet coat, this man who was so adorned with lace and so much scented, was perhaps the safest person to have the conduct of his case confided to him; to have, in truth, his life in his hands. Yet, even as he watched the lawyer, he seemed to perceive, as Silas and Jeanne had perceived, that, beneath all his fashionable airs and graces, there was a strong and masterful will as well as a marvellously quick grasp of every point in his client's favour—while the strict silence which Mr. Hungerford maintained as Rupert told him his story impressed the latter strongly. And there was also something else which he observed that added to his growing impression of Mr. Hungerford's power as a lawyer. He noticed how, as they strolled

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up and down the quadrangle, men touched each other on the arm to draw attention to the barrister, and that one in particular, who was shortly to be tried for murder, endeavoured in every way to catch Mr. Hungerford's eye, while two others, who were playing at mississippi, stopped in their game and regarded him with a look of admiring awe. Evidently they all knew of, and were impressed by, his talents.

"So, so," Mr. Hungerford said now, as Rupert concluded his narration of all that had happened since he rode forth upon his journey to Holland, and while he offered his client a pinch from his delicate snuff-box. "So, so. You are an innocent man, and not only an innocent one but—what shall I say?—a patriot, perhaps. Hey? Not a patriot, you think? Well! call yourself what you like. What we have to do is to persuade the jury of your innocence. We must have the gentle Dutch maiden for one witness. Grose—what did you say her name was?"

"Groesbeck. Anna Groesbeck," replied Rupert, while he spelt the name over to the lawyer, who wrote it carefully down in a tiny set of tablets bound with silver.

"Now," continued Mr. Hungerford, "we must know more about our friend the buccaneer—tush!—I mean the adventurer, Starbuck. A good name Starbuck, is it not? And—and—a fine playhouse character, I should suppose. I protest Barton Booth should know of him. A vastly interesting ruffian, I aver."

"Interesting enough to me," replied Rupert quietly. "His actions are like enough to hang me."

"Oh! my dear sir. By no manner of means, I do declare. Let me see," and again the tablets came forth. "A wood beyond Horst. Humph! That's a long way from the Old Bailey, is it not? Yet—yet—it is said you are a rich man, Mr. Frayne, and—well!—what is money against life? I think, I protest I do think, we will endeavour to find out a little more about our buccaneering—I mean, adventuring friend, Starbuck, and his career. It," he said, regarding Rupert with a keen glance, "would be a vastly pretty story wherewith to entertain the jury. Juries, especially Old Bailey juries, are so bucolic, so apt to sleep if you do not keep them excited. I think Starbuck's story might do that."

"Doubtless!" said Rupert, shrugging his shoulders and wondering if this easy-going,

dandified gentleman could absolutely be the great obtainer of verdicts that he was said to be—the man who was reported to be amassing a large fortune, and who, it was stated, aspired to the very highest honours which the Law could offer. "Doubtless."

"You see," said Mr. Hungerford, "we must have something strong wherewith to counteract the evidence which the spy, Gachette, will give; the prosecution having got him as their chief trump card——"

"The prosecution have got Gachette!" cried Rupert. "Gachette! What can he testify against me? What! And how do you know it?"

"Oh, my dear sir," replied Mr. Hungerford, with a bow, "I learn a great deal, I do assure you. A very great deal in the interests of those in whom I am interested. And—and—Gachette will tell a good deal. Ah! my friend," the learned gentleman exclaimed, as he broke off what he was saying to wave his hand to a tall, dirty-looking man clad in rags who had been regarding him and Rupert for some time, "and how do you find yourself? It was a pity we could do no better for you yesterday. But never mind. There's many a slip—and there are the colonies always."

"It's mighty hard, Mr. Hungerford, after all I've suffered," said the man.

"And so it is. And so it is. A poor creature," the lawyer said, turning to Rupert, "who has had bad luck. He was condemned yesterday for coining. Yet, in sober truth, such a man should be free of punishment for ever. Do you know," and now he spoke very seriously and solemnly, "this poor man once lay in Hull gaol for seven years awaiting his trial for a murder of which he was innocent, since there was no assize there for that space of time. And, when he was at last put up, he was necessarily acquitted, since any witnesses there might have been against him were all dead. Is that not awful to think upon?"

"It is indeed," said Rupert, and his hand went to his pocket. "Seven years! My God!"—after which he held out a couple of guineas to the man, while Mr. Hungerford supplemented them with another two; so that the poor creature would at least not be without money to spend ere he was hanged or had his sentence commuted to transportation to the American colonies.

This meeting was the first and only one which took place between the rapidly rising

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counsel and Rupert Frayne for some time—indeed for two or three months—yet the gifted gentleman was by no means forgetful of his client nor that client's interests—which were his own. For he had long since vowed to himself, even from the days when he exchanged his rooms at Brasenose College for others in Gray's Inn, that the Law, for which calling he felt himself particularly fitted, should be the step by which he would mount to wealth and fame, and he never faltered in his determination nor missed a chance. Wherefore, all through the long days which he passed in the courts, or in his chambers, or on circuit, he was not only defending criminals on all manner of charges, but also carefully studying witnesses whom he cross-examined or called on behalf of his "much-injured clients," with a view to discovering if those witnesses might not some day be useful to him in other causes. And, sometimes, he was thus directed towards the unearthing of strange matter, as he was also when, his labours being cast aside, he went to the Court end of the town. For there, too, he kept his eyes and ears open and did occasionally pick up scraps of information that were useful to him.

To wit, it was in the West End of London that, before his first interview with Rupert, he learned at a great rout which he was attending how the Government had already brought over to England the principal witness against Rupert Frayne, whose case was now the one affair talked of in fashionable circles; this witness being a man named Gachette and one of the Government's spies in Paris. He learnt, too, that Gachette was lodged not far from the Old Bailey so as to be handy for the impending trial. This piece of news was told him by a brother lawyer before even it was known to Mr. Hungerford that he would be employed to defend Rupert Frayne, but, when he became retained for the latter, he remembered it at once—as he remembered almost everything which it was useful for him to know. And from that moment, when the case was put into his hands and he had made up his mind that it would be of great value to him and his reputation to win it, he caused Gachette's lodgings to be carefully watched, as well as all the outgoings and in-goings of the man himself. He did so without even letting Rupert's attorneys into the secret that it was being done, since he was desirous of discovering for himself anything which might be damaging to Gachette, and also desirous that, at

the trial, he might be able to spring it suddenly upon all in the Court.

"For," said Mr. Hungerford to himself, as he thought things over later, "Mr. Frayne has now made it clear to me that he is an innocent man, and, by the blessing of heaven, I am going to make it equally clear to the jury. Charles Hungerford," he said, communing with himself, "you must win this case."

That his methods were not professional no one could have possibly known better than this astute gentleman himself, yet that troubled his mind no more than did the fact that Rupert's old family lawyer thought so too, and did not hesitate to say so as well. For, indeed, what the attorneys thought of Mr. Hungerford was now a matter of very little consideration to that gentleman. He had haunted the courts for some years without ever having a brief given him, and then, suddenly, a brilliant defence had made him popular.

Meanwhile, April was half-way through, and to Mr. Hungerford it seemed that the trial could not be very much longer postponed, wherefore he gave orders to a certain individual with whom he was acquainted to present himself at his chambers in Gray's Inn at nine o'clock one night. And, upon this person doing so, the lawyer, who happened to be affixing a *mouche* to his left cheek while he spoke, said—

"Well, my worthy friend, and what little pieces of highly-spiced information have you to give me now? Eh? Tush! how it rains, to be sure. Do you observe how disturbed the rooks are in the trees? Doubtless the wet is interfering with their domestic arrangements for the coming summer." Yet while he spoke, Mr. Hungerford was looking at the man carefully in the looking-glass over the chimney-piece.

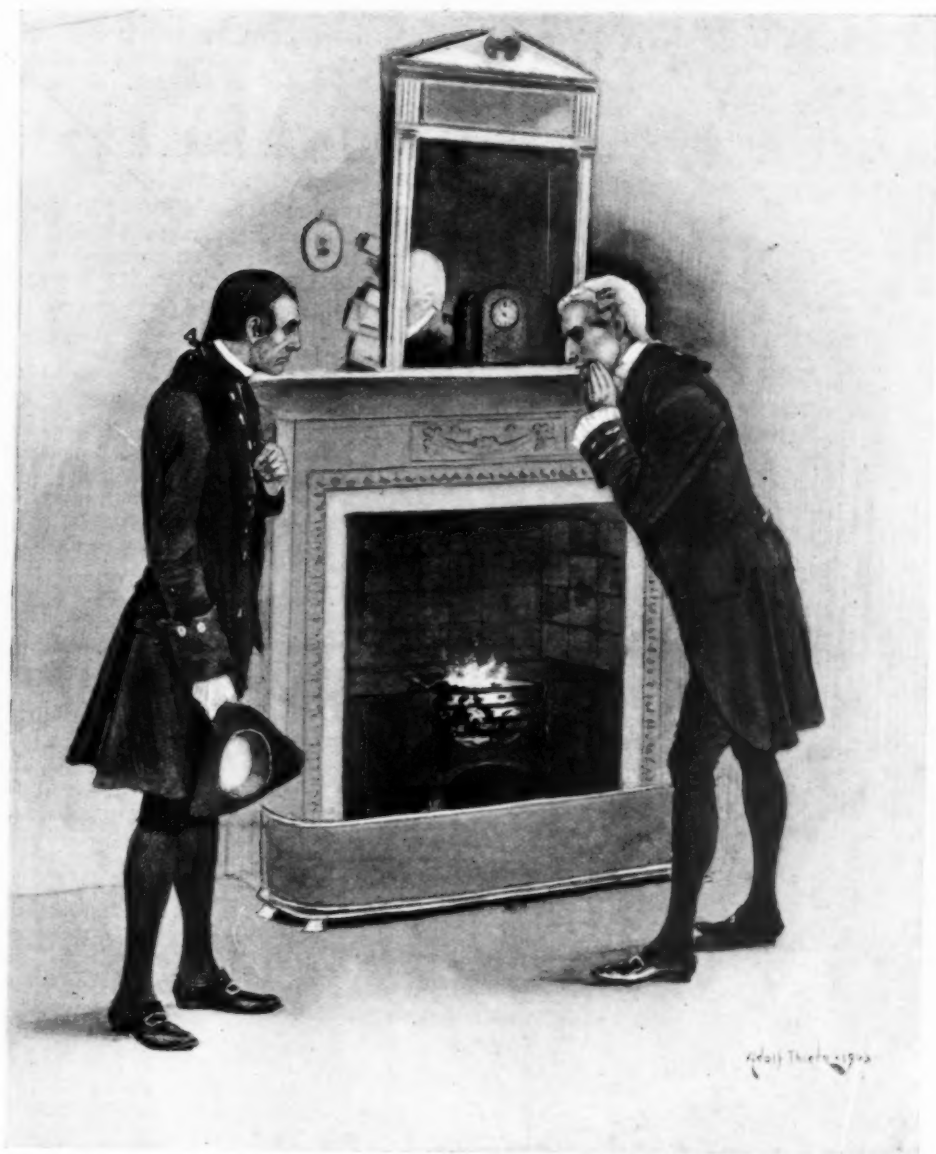
"Gachette was set upon by a beggar last night," the fellow replied, ignoring the agreeable remarks on ornithology and the weather which the learned counsel had made, "who beat him over the head with a crutch and——"

"That was extremely impolite. Did the beggar have a reason, think you, for such behaviour?"

"He cursed Gachette and called him traitor. Also, he said he had left him to starve."

"That was not kindly of Mr. Gachette. Well, what did he do in return? I hope he did not curse too."

"He said he would make it worth the



"WELL, MY WORTHY FRIEND, AND WHAT LITTLE PIECES OF HIGHLY-SPICED INFORMATION HAVE YOU TO GIVE ME NOW? EH?"

other's while to go away, and offered him money."

"Did he take the money, and go?"

"He took the money, and he did not go into France—as he said he would."

"Where did he go to?"

"He went into the Minories."

"Is he being kept under some one's eye, so that he can go no further?"

"He is."

"Good. My friend, are you thirsty?"

"Thank you kindly, sir."

"Remain outside. My servant will bring you some drink."

(To be continued.)

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

BY DAVID WILLIAMSON

VII.—Messrs. Morgan and Scott of *The Christian*

ALTHOUGH the first issue of *The Christian* was dated February 3, 1870, it can lay claim to a far longer life, for it originated in 1859 in a paper called *The Revival*, and will be forty-four years old in July. What is even more remarkable is that Mr. R. Cope Morgan, who initiated *The Revival*, is still associated actively with *The Christian*, and throughout this long period his pen has been busy in its columns. He is the senior member of the firm of Messrs. Morgan and Scott, and has had the principal share in the "personal force" wielded by *The Christian*.

One must glean biographical facts relating to Mr. Morgan by deputy, for he does not care to talk about his own career, interesting and helpful though it would prove to those young men who, like him, come every year to London to engage in business. The son of a Welsh printer and stationer of Abergavenny, he began, while learning the business, to write occasionally for the local newspapers. In 1849 he came to the metropolis, and stayed about a year, going afterwards to Bath as overseer of a printing establishment there. In 1855 he returned to London, becoming an assistant to a publisher. Four years later he joined hands in partnership with Mr. Samuel Chase, a highly-esteemed friend.

Speaking of this period in his life, Mr. Morgan has said, "We prayed to God that He would find us some work to do for Him, and in answer to that prayer we were led to start the publication of *The Revival*. I was one of a small party of men talking

together after a meeting on a Sunday morning. A commercial traveller was telling us of a wonderful work of God in the north of Ireland. It was that great spiritual movement since known as the Revival of 1859. Prayer meetings were thronged, and there was a general and deep-seated anxiety about religion. As the traveller talked of these things it came into my mind that

such a movement deserved and required to be recorded specially and continuously." He discussed the idea with Mr. Chase, and the result was the issue of the weekly paper entitled *The Revival*. In 1870 the name of the paper was changed to that of *The Christian*, and now it is the best known of all the weekly journals dealing with Christian work and life.

Mr. Morgan has been the editorial director of the paper all the time, and though his prolonged absences from England to visit mission stations abroad has necessitated to a large extent the devolution of such

direction to his son, Mr. George E. Morgan, he has always kept closely in touch with the paper. In the various parts of the world that Mr. Morgan has visited during the last twenty years, his presence has been a continual stimulus to workers, besides giving *The Christian* a world-wide outlook. His contributions to the paper are generally initialed "M.," but many articles have appeared without any such clue to their authorship beyond the unmistakable style which old readers of *The Christian* know and value so much.

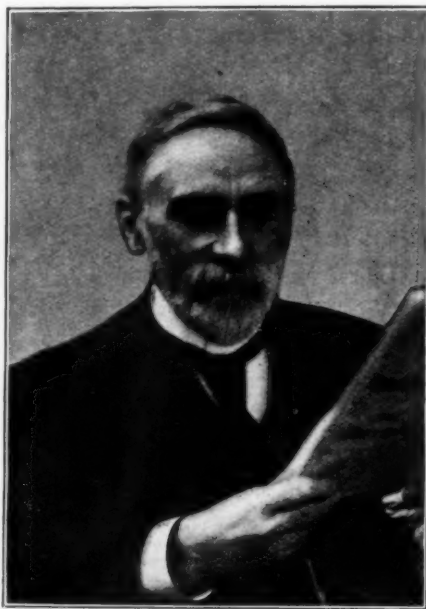


Photo by

MR. R. C. MORGAN

W. Crooke

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

He has had intimate relationship with most of the great evangelistic missions which have been held during the last forty years in this country, and was one of the earliest friends of Mr. D. L. Moody, on his first visit in 1867, and later of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. This year he has, with his partners, been actively concerned with the visit of Dr. Torrey, of Chicago, and Mr. Charles Alexander, his gifted singing colleague. Few men in England have such a complete and accurate knowledge of the various channels of Christian work both in Great Britain and the United States, or are so well acquainted with the chief philanthropies of the day. *The Christian* has been a friend from the first to certain well-accredited forms of religious zeal, and its influence in commending such works to the sympathy of its readers is as unique as it is extraordinary. I need only mention that nearly £350,000 has been sent direct to its offices for various societies and spheres of religious work, to prove what a hold it has upon its enormous circle of readers. I may add that the whole of the donations sent to *The Christian* in this way is passed on without any deduction whatever.

Mr. Robert Scott joined the firm in 1870, a year before the death of Mr. Chase. From the age of seventeen he took an earnest and active part in Evangelistic, Sabbath School, and Gospel Temperance work, and a long residence in Glasgow effectively qualified him to grasp some of the mission and social problems with which he was confronted on coming to London. To him has fallen the oversight of the publishing business, rather than the literary work of the house. Needless to add, however, he is in full sympathy with the Evangelical note of the paper and has always taken a deep interest in its contents. He

is a born organiser, as has been proved again and again. To take recent examples, the Christian Temperance campaign of Dr. Henry owes very much to Mr. Scott's personal labours; and he displayed wonderful energy in organising relief for the sufferers by the Indian famine. For India Mr. Scott has always had much thought. He has taken up warmly Lord Radstock's "Scriptures for India" scheme, for supplying the Word of God to our fellow-subjects in memory of our late beloved Queen; and more than once he has drawn

public attention to the terrible hardships endured by the people in consequence of lack of foresight in providing proper methods of irrigation, such as were advocated by the late Sir Arthur Cotton.

Among other subjects which have engaged Mr. Scott's attention, that of Sunday observance must be mentioned, for his convictions—deep and unswerving on all matters of principle—on this matter are very keen. He has been on the Committee of the Protestant Alliance for some years, and is utterly opposed to anything which threatens the Protestantism of this realm.

Foreign missions are of course near to his heart, for his eldest daughter went out as a missionary under the China Inland Mission. She married Mr. Archibald Orr-Ewing, and to the lasting regret of all who knew her she passed away ere yet her life-work had reached its prime.

Mr. Scott feels very strongly as to the iniquity of the opium traffic, by which that deleterious drug is thrust against their will upon the Chinese at the instance of our Indian Government. Although he has not been, like his partners, a traveller in foreign countries, that has not diminished Mr. Scott's intense concern for the spread of Christianity all over the world, and he



Photo by

MR. ROBERT SCOTT

William Gill

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

realises what a powerful instrument for good the British Empire could become if our policy was more than ever dictated by the paramount desire to do righteously. Mr. Scott's home being in Surrey, he has not been able to give as much attention as in former years to various London gatherings and societies in which he is interested. But his face is familiar at such meetings as that which welcomed Mr. Ira D. Sankey to London, after some years' absence, and he has been actively engaged in the preliminary arrangements for the Torrey-Alexander tour this year.

I come now to the third and youngest member of the trio of partners, Mr. George E. Morgan, M.A. The son of Mr. R. C. Morgan, he was educated at Cambridge University, graduating in 1883. In the following year he entered the house of Morgan and Scott, and four years later he was taken into partnership. He has inherited his father's literary gift, and has of late years taken an increased share in the editorship of *The Christian*. As I have mentioned above, Mr. George Morgan has held the reins during his father's absence from England, and his pen has been constantly in evidence in the pages of the paper for several years.

Questioned as to the growth of certain forms of religious journalism in recent years, he expressed his opinion thus:—

"Its tendency seems to journalise religion rather than to religionise journalism. Concurrently with the spread of laxity in regard to the Lord's Day there is a steady increase of weekly papers and monthly magazines professedly for Sunday reading. But in many of them the religious element is a mere *hors d'œuvre* or *entrée*, the *pièce de résistance* being a serial novel or other matter, good enough in its way, but certainly not inspiring to practical utility or piety. No wonder that Sunday scholars are indifferent and spiritual teachers hard to find, when there is so little of earnest purpose in what they read. I am afraid a good many of our young people take their theology from religious magazines and novels instead of from the Word of God."

"Have you ever considered the introduction of a healthy serial story in *The Christian*?"

"Oh, people have suggested it many times; but that is not our mission. We consider that *The Christian* has a definite mission, viz. to set forth Evangelical truth, to help and report all kinds of Evangelical

work, and to form a link of fellowship and labour between Evangelical Christians in all lands. It takes all our time to pursue that ideal without going further afield."

"And are you encouraged in pursuing these restricted lines in *The Christian*?"

"Yes; every week brings testimonies from readers at home and lonely workers abroad who attribute to its pages a stimulus in work and a sense of fellowship with co-labourers. To know what others are doing is an inspiration to the earnest reader not to be weary in well-doing, and there are a good many who were first led out into Gospel work at home and abroad by this means."

"You do not follow the lines of the higher critics in *The Christian*, I suppose?"

"No, we prefer to state positive truth. There is a good deal in Mr. Moody's saying, that 'while men are spending their lives contending for two Isaiahs, the world is perishing for lack of knowledge that there is one.' While teachers and preachers are making concession after concession to unbelief, the number of unbelievers goes on increasing, until even among Church members many do not know what they believe."

"The paper is undenominational, is it not?"

"Yes, but I rather prefer the term *inter-denominational*, because, as a matter of fact, so-called undenominational work is chiefly carried on by persons who are themselves members of some branch of the Christian Church; and so far from being a source of disintegration—as is sometimes ignorantly supposed—it is really a unifying force."

"You take a personal interest in the Young People's Page, do you not?"

"Yes. Six years ago I started a Weekly Bible-Searching scheme, with a quarterly Prize Competition, which is largely patronised by our younger readers, who vary in age from six to twenty years. The 'Bible Searcher' also helps parents who are obliged to spend Sunday evenings at home with their young folk. We receive the best part of one thousand papers to examine every week."

"Do you engage in any forms of religious work outside the paper?"

"Yes. I was bred and born in Mission work, so to speak, thanks to my parental training. I began preaching at seventeen, and have been at it ever since."

"Is there any special form of such work in which you are particularly interested?"

"I speak at a good many P.S.A.s."

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

"Do you find it necessary to 'trim' the Gospel message to working-men?"

"Not at all. The working-man does not mind hard hitting, and he appreciates earnestness. Some of the largest P.S.A.s in the land are those conducted on strictly Gospel lines. The introduction of political and social questions apart from the Gospel tend only to deplete the audiences."

Mr. George Morgan's contributions to *The Christian* include periodical series of

"Practical Papers" and "Young People's" articles. He has travelled in many countries; he acted for five months in Germany as companion and choir leader to the late Dr. Somerville in 1880-1, and spent six months in work under Mr. Moody's direction during the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Throughout his University course he also engaged in various forms of Christian service, especially in public-houses and low tramps'-kitchens.

Bohemians on Prospect Hill

BY MABEL QUILLER-COUCH

ON a certain day in late spring Prospect Hill is annually invaded by a man and a boy conveying a host of books, buff-coated, inexpensive, teeming with interest. The day on which a copy of *Kelly's Directory* for our suburb is deposited at each house on the Hill is one of much excitement and intense interest.

The man or the boy knocks at each door, the servant opens it, is handed in the most confiding manner a brand-new copy of the *Directory*, and immediately, as though by magic, a spell of calm settles on the Hill, a calm which lasts all that day, and the next, and the next again. During which time glimpses may be caught between the muslin and lace curtains of nearly every house, of the buff book and a reader in the closest contiguity. Now and then a face will be raised from the absorbing pages, and the reader will peer out of the window to verify the number of a house, or to study it afresh in the new light which has been thrown upon it. Occasionally there will be quite a rush to the window in the excitement of discovery.

These are days of acute interest, hitherto life has been vague and full of doubt and speculation. The new-comers to the Hill have been till now nameless amongst us, and could be referred to only by particular traits in their dress, appearance, or domestic life. So it comes as a great relief to us all to be able to give real names, besides being more consistent with our ideas of good-breeding. An air of greater friendliness pervades us all. The names once known it is only a question of time and intellect to settle upon the relationship of each household. Sometimes, nay, quite

frequently, we find that some really celebrated person has come to Prospect Hill. Then we are very proud indeed—or quite the contrary—of any little idiosyncrasies in them that we may have commented on beforehand.

Miss Minchin was once very much mortified in such a case. She had frequently declared that a gentleman who had come to Number 4 was either a successful speculator or a retired tradesman; she was strongly under the impression that he had been a butcher. She was out that year when the *Directories* were brought, but my excitement at a discovery I made was so great, I had to go over to her house and wait for her, taking with me the *Directory* and a volume of poems which I had borrowed from the Free Library. I dare say if I had looked at the poems earlier I myself would have recognised the new-comer as their author, by the portrait in the beginning of the book, but I have so little time for reading, I can scarcely ever glance at any poetry.

However, I had had time to read several of the verses before Miss Minchin came. When she did come it turned out that she had written an essay on that very same man, and his works. She prides herself on being a keen physiognomist too, and I could plainly see she was more mortified than she cared to show. She said *she* would never believe he wrote those verses, they must be his wife's, but published in his name. I only smiled.

About three days after the shower of *Directories* has fallen the man and the boy appear again, and once more make a household-to-house visitation, only this time it is to

Bohemians on Prospect Hill

collect the books, or the price of them. The man collects the money, the boy the books, and in our road, at any rate, the boy gathers the heavier harvest.

Of course it is always a matter of great interest to us to know who amongst us returns the book, or the shilling, both for expediency in borrowing a copy, should need occur, and for the light it throws on the inner life of our neighbours. We all know, at least all of us who dwell on that part of the Hill, that Miss Minchin, who lives in the house opposite our own, will return hers, for had she not been unceasingly busy since its arrival in copying extracts from it into a small account-book, and had the men only allowed her a few more days she would have copied the whole. Then there was Miss Piddick, who lived at Number 30, but two doors from Miss Minchin. She really possessed a last year's *Directory*, and spent hours in entering in a neat, minute handwriting the alterations.

But in the face of these precedents, and with the consistent inconsistency of humanity, the young couple who lived in one of the houses between Miss Piddick's and Miss Minchin's, the "newly-married couple" as we had called them when first they came amongst us, and decided at the same time that they were "very far from well off,"—well, *they* must needs pay the shilling. "Foolish extravagance," we pronounced it, and very rightly, for what interest could a couple of young people, strangers to the place too, take in such a book? As far as we could judge they did not take the slightest interest in any one but each other.

But if they took no interest in us, we took the greatest interest in them, and one of the first things we did when we had copies placed in our hands was to look up Number 31.

"Vivian!" we exclaimed,—Miss Piddick was taking tea with me when the book was handed in. "Ah! that is no real name. It must be an *alias*. Perhaps they are hiding from some one, perhaps they are stage people, or—*or* Bohemians. I am sure they look it."

But a week or two later we were all even more exercised in mind, for to each house the post brought a neat, printed card, modestly announcing the fact that Mr. Ronald Vivian was prepared to impart to his pupils his knowledge of painting in water-colours and in oils. It did not give

his terms, they could be had on application, we were informed, and though disappointed at being denied this much information we were pleased with him for observing thus much reserve. But, upon one point we still remained convinced,—if he did not belong to the stage himself he had married some one who did. It was curious the reluctance we all evinced to allowing her the title of "actress," one which would certainly have reflected more credit on her and on the Hill than the one we usually adopted, but we expressed by it, we felt, some of our own dignity and aloofness.

Mr. Vivian's cards were very inviting, and his qualifications apparently great, but they failed somehow to draw many pupils, at least we never could find that more than three took advantage of the advantages he offered, and we soon decided that, placing his charges at the highest our minds could soar to, he could not possibly be making a living. It must not for one moment be thought that we were curious, or spiteful, or unkind. We were only intensely sympathetic, and merely with a view to knowing if any little attentions on our parts would be welcomed, we liked to know how our neighbours were situated.

Of course in the case of the Vivians it was different. We could learn nothing about them, for no one in our neighbourhood seemed to know more than we did. And—well, they were odd, they were Bohemians we felt sure. I must say I rather enjoyed the feeling that Bohemians dwelt amongst us, it gave such a spice to life. But Bohemians, we felt, even if poor, were frivolous, and frivolity is one of the failings we cannot condone.

Looking back now I must confess that we had no reason for dubbing them Bohemians, beyond the fact that he wore a velveteen coat when he was at home, and she a large picture hat when she was out,—and looked strikingly pretty in it too,—and that the friends who came to see them came and went at all hours and in an unconventional way we should have found most trying,—for one must wear out one's old things sometimes; they were entertained too in a way we were not accustomed to.

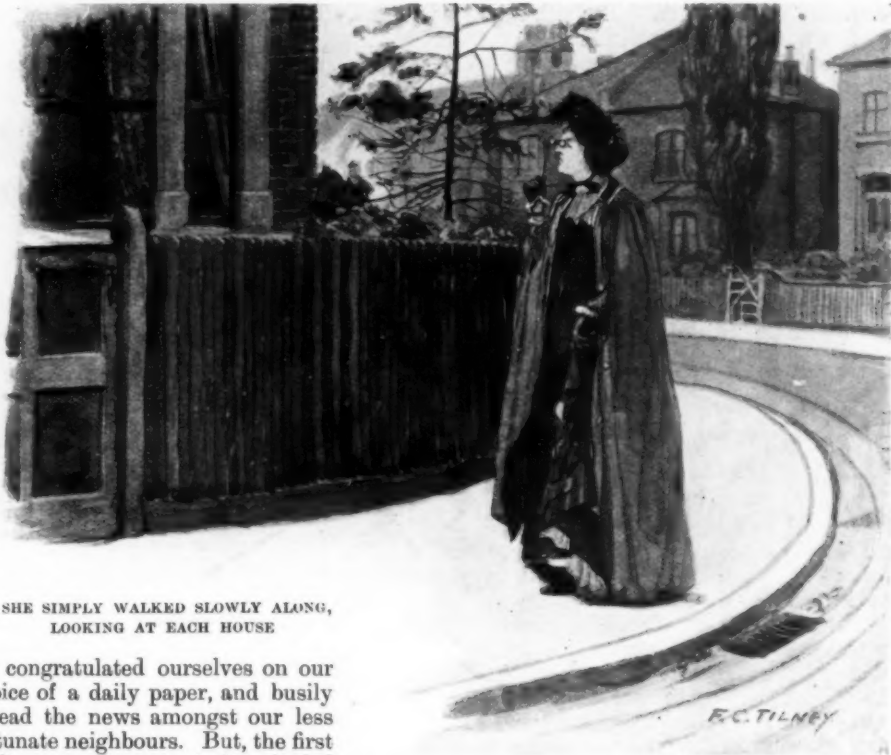
The friends were of a different stamp from most callers in Prospect Hill. Sometimes the men even came in flannels, and the ladies, utterly forgetful that they were spoiling their hands, carried their gloves

Bohemians on Prospect Hill

instead of wearing them; but with all these peculiarities I do admit I always recognised the fact they were not common people, in fact that—that they were able to disregard convention if they chose,—of course I mean to a limited degree only.

At last one day, when the Vivians had been at least six months on Prospect Hill, we were intensely interested by the announcement in *The Morning Post* of the arrival of a small son at Number 31, and many times during the next few days

Miss Minchin and I were returning together from a morning's shopping when we first noticed this equipage which was drawn up at the top of our Hill, while the footman held the door open for a lady to descend. As soon as we saw that the stranger was making her way down Prospect Hill we instinctively slackened our pace a little, and continuing our talk in an apparently absorbed manner, in order to impress the servants with our unconcern, we just kept an eye on her movements. But they were



SHE SIMPLY WALKED SLOWLY ALONG,
LOOKING AT EACH HOUSE

we congratulated ourselves on our choice of a daily paper, and busily spread the news amongst our less fortunate neighbours. But, the first excitement past, a great pity mingled with the interest we felt in the young people. How could they grapple with the additional expenses a child would bring, when they already had such difficulty in making two ends meet? It was quite our own idea that they had any difficulty, but we had no shadow of doubt that it was a correct one.

However, when the baby boy was but a few weeks old, a new excitement came into our lives, brought there by a carriage and a splendid pair of chestnuts, and driven by a most imposing coachman, supported by an equally imposing footman.

so uninteresting we could form no opinion on them. She simply walked slowly along, looking at each house on either side with equal interest, until she came to the curve at the foot of the Hill where the smaller houses are. After that her interest seemed to lessen, for she scarcely glanced at all at the little houses. In fact she passed Miss Piddick's and the Vivians' without, it seemed to us, even turning her head.

Having come at last to my own gate I invited Miss Minchin inside, and we stood in the drawing-room window, for, as Miss

Bohemians on Prospect Hill

Minchin said, there was evidently some meaning in all this, and we ought to see the end of it. But there was little to see; the stranger walked to the end of the curve, turned, and came slowly back. Again she looked at most of the houses, but the Vivians' she passed over with the merest glance only as her eyes travelled on to the houses beyond.

She was a handsome woman of, I should say, nearer fifty than forty. One of those cold, stern, perfect-featured women who look better in a drawing-room than in a sick-room or a nursery. The poise of her head, and the haughty flicker of her eyelids as she passed Maria Piddick's and the Vivians' made us quite angry. It was as though she found it humiliating even to glance at such insignificant dwellings. However, she passed on, and we recovered our self-respect, and should have forgotten all about her probably, but that a week later the carriage drew up at the top of the Hill again, and again the stranger made the tour of the Hill.

"Perhaps she is wanting a house here," suggested Clara Minchin. But I replied with great satisfaction that there was not one to let.

The third time this mysterious visitor appeared, Miss Minchin, who makes a study of heraldry, and reads *Debrett* in her spare moments, determined to satisfy herself as to the crest we both had noticed on the carriage doors. So, while I watched the lady's movements, she went up to where the carriage was drawn up, and walking slowly backwards and forwards as though she too were waiting for some one, fully satisfied her curiosity, and returned home to complete her investigations by the aid of *Debrett*.

Just before she reached the Vivians' gate she saw Mrs. Vivian standing, with baby and nurse, in her garden. Along the path outside came the stranger, but Mrs. Vivian, bending over baby and cooing to him, touching his soft cheek or tiny clinging fingers as if he were something too wonderful to be realised all at once, was far too absorbed to notice the stranger at her gate.

Miss Minchin even then never dreamed of connecting the two, not until the strange lady had reached the gate and suddenly catching sight of the group stood, as Miss Minchin has often told me since, as though suddenly paralysed beyond all movement, her face first flushing scarlet, then growing

deadly white. Then she made as though she would turn away, but at that very moment Mrs. Vivian looked up and their eyes met. In an instant her face brightened. "Mother!" she cried in a surprised, excited tone, and made a step forward. But only one. She stopped, and neither spoke nor moved further.

It was a strange sight, the young, simply, almost poorly-dressed woman looking down from her vantage of higher ground at the proud-faced, richly-dressed woman without the gate. For an appreciable space silence lasted. Once or twice the elder woman made as though she would move away, but at last she spoke in a voice husky and indistinct with emotion. "Can I speak with you a moment?"

Little Mrs. Vivian, with a hasty word of dismissal to the nurse and child, stepped forward and opened the gate. But when they were standing, actually face to face, they neither kissed nor shook hands, nor did Mrs. Vivian make any show of inviting her mother further. That lady herself at last asked if she might go inside.

"I beg your pardon," said the young wife gravely, "but I thought you would not care to cross my husband's threshold."

The elder woman flushed again, but she went in without speaking. Then for half-an-hour we outside waited, vainly trying to possess our souls in patience. More than once we even thought the stranger must have come out when we were not looking, impossible though that seemed. Once Miss Minchin went out to see if the carriage was still waiting, returning greatly relieved with the news that it was.

At last when our backs ached with standing, and our eyes ached with peering through the dazzling muslin curtains, the front-door opened and Mrs. Vivian and her mother came out. Both were very pale; the mother looked agitated and angry. Mrs. Vivian's face was cold and set, with an expression quite unlike any we had till now seen her wear.

What could be the meaning of it? In each woman's bearing there was angry determination, in each face a sadness warring with the harder look. Then excitement suddenly ran high in the breasts of us opposite. For just as they stepped through the doorway we saw Mr. Vivian himself coming down the Hill. His face too was graver than usual. We decided he must have seen the carriage and guessed

Bohemians on Prospect Hill

something was happening. By this time we had each woven a separate and original romance about the incidents of the past few days, and were ready to stand by our own version through all opposition or doubt.

As Mr. Vivian reached his own gate Mrs. Vivian put her hand on it to open it; she started when she saw her husband. "Oh, Ronald!" she cried, and to this day we have never yet been able to decide

for an acutely embarrassing moment the three stood looking at each other. Then, letting the gate close behind him he stepped nearer the visitor. "I am pleased to see you here," he said pleasantly, but with dignity.

His wife's face brightened with relief. Her mother looked at him with an expression on her face it was hard to read. Then, holding out her hand, she said, "Will you



IN HIS ARMS HIS SMALL SON LAY SLEEPING

whether there was relief in her tone or regret that he had appeared just then. *My own* opinion is she wished he had not come, that she was nervous lest her mother should slight him. Her mother did not speak, she only stood stock-still in the pathway, nervously fumbling with the buttons of her gloves, while Ronald calmly bowed to her, and unfastened the gate. At first he evidently thought she would pass out, and stepped aside for her, but seeing she made no motion to go he went inside, and

shake hands with me, and"—she paused as though her voice had suddenly failed her, "will you—let me see my—grandson?" she added. The look on her face it had been so hard to read had been brought there by the mighty struggle going on within her, a fight between her pride and her great yearning over that tiny baby. Then she turned to her daughter, and there were tears in her eyes. "Leila," she said, "Leila, can't you forgive your mother now?"

Bohemians on Prospect Hill

And Leila without a word took her in her arms and kissed her fervently. "I have been longing to, all the time, mother," she whispered, "but I could not let you see baby while you—you despised baby's father."

Mr. Vivian had crept past them into the house. He now appeared at the door as Leila led her mother in, and in his arms his small son lay sleeping, all rosy and warm as he had snatched him from his cot. Placing the child in its grandmother's outstretched arms he let her pass in first, then drawing his wife's arm through his, they, after a second's pause, followed slowly.

"So absurd," snapped Miss Minchin, referring to the cause of the pause; "I do think people might be more circumspect, kissing in public indeed!"

But I did not answer. Old hopes, old

memories, old pains surged up in my heart and choked me, brought back by the sight of their faces, and that kiss in the doorway.

Later that evening Miss Minchin came over to tell us that the carriage belonged to Lady Graves, and that Lady Graves had but one daughter, Leila Mary, "but my 'red book' is an old one," she added, "so does not mention the daughter's marriage. But of course it is all quite plain to the simplest intelligence now. She married a poor man, beneath her in position, against her mother's wishes, and we have witnessed the reconciliation. Well, I am very glad I kept his card, there will be quite a little romance attached to it now."

Miss Minchin was a worshipper of romance, poor dear, but the makers of it must be circumspect.

"In English Fashion"

NEARLY every visitor to Waldenberg finds the way sooner or later to Madame's "tea-châlet." There is no more attractive spot in the whole village on a hot summer afternoon. Perched high up above the road it stands on the green hillside; at its entrance hangs a board, bearing the alluring inscription—

REFRAÎCHISSEMENTS

TEA IN ENGLISH FASHION TOAST

Who could resist this? Not many English women, surely, and four o'clock brings Madame a host of visitors on most days. A wooden platform runs out behind the châlet, and over it is stretched a gay awning. Inviting chairs and tiny tables are placed with care for the best points of view. And what a view! Away to the left rise the mighty giants of the Oberland, one snowy peak hiding behind the other, and in the exceeding purity of the atmosphere looking but a day's march distant. Nearer home loom great, black, rocky hill-sides, while far below, through the firs clothing the steep on which our châlet stands, gleam the waters of the lake, now vivid blue, now green, now turning to pearly-pink, or purple, as the shadows chase across its quiet surface. From the field just beneath us comes the scent of the flowerful hay, turned and tossed by an old woman, brown and lean, her face seamed with a hundred wrinkles, the only unbeautiful thing in all this beautiful place.

But Madame waits. She stands smiling on us, and asking in her pretty, broken English, "Will you haf toast, and perhaps strawberries?"

Indeed we will! Mountain strawberries are like no others for delicacy of flavour. Our little table groans with dainties; we butter our toast

with tiny silver fruit-knives like those our grandmothers used; we taste one after the other of the delicious cakes from the "Zuckerbackerei" till we laughingly tell Madame we have lost our appetites; and we tell each other we never knew so delightful a tea-hour.

Madame, in her short stuff skirt and bright crimson silk apron, bids us a smiling farewell; but why, dear soul, did she spoil all by wearing—instead of the picturesque Swiss muslin bodice—a not-too-well-fitting English blouse? Ah, well!—she loves "englisch fashion," that is plain! But her bright face is clouded when next we pass her way. She is standing at her door, looking anxiously up and down. "Ach! Mesdemoiselles!—I wonder—I beg your pardon—oh! I am so nairvous—!"

"What is it? Can we do anything for you?" we ask; and she tells us with difficulty and hesitation that she wants to send "une dépêche," a "what-you-call wire" to England; and she knows not how to "put it for the money." Can we—will we—write it? Of course we will! And to her unbounded satisfaction we are able to say what she wants in fewer words than she had thought possible.

But our last afternoon has come. One more "englisch tea" we must have, and one last look at that glorious view, with its indescribable, glowing colour. Was ever any sky so blue as the Swiss sky when the sun shines?

"We are going home, Madame," we tell her sadly.

Her face falls. "Ach! you come no more! I am ver' sori. Mais, good-bye," shaking hands, "and"—with a low reverence—"I make you the most awful thanks for your kindness."

F. E. S.

A Foul Weather Climb on the Rimphishorn

BY E. ELLIOT STOCK

THE weather can be capable of some very shabby tricks I have found by rueful experience. It will waft the confiding climber over the Channel upon the softest of zephyrs; convey him across France by the light of an extremely healthy moon; treat him to a gorgeous sunrise in the Jura; and plump him down by the lake of Geneva under the bluest of skies.

More than this, it will roast him in the Rhone Valley, and land him in Zermatt perspiring, dusty, and joyous, confident in a "right-away" start upon the London-hatched programme. Then another change! The unwary one wakes upon dreams of greasy boots, moonlit starts, hard snow, and record ascents, to find it, in Mulvaney's words, "rainin' intrenchin' tools," the Matterhorn nowhere, and himself surprised at his own ready flow of invective.

I suppose all climbers at one time or another have perforce to put up with one of these freaks of the weather, and the occasion of which I write was no exception. I determined, however, to ignore my friend the weather upon the late June morning following my arrival in Zermatt, and, if it would only lift a little at midday, rout out my guide and make a start upon something, no matter what.

A friend in like desperation determined to do the same, and a very compact little foursome was the result. But we differed by rather more than the width of the Zermatt Valley about the peak to be tackled.

He favoured the Gabelhorn, I the Rimphishorn; and as each had most convincing reasons for his particular choice, and stuck to them, it looked like a split. However, the spin of a franc-piece settled matters to my satisfaction, and off we started beneath a lowering sky upon the long tramp up the Findlen Valley for the Fluh hut. Our guides, Peter and Alois, preferred the cool



THE VALLEY OF ZERMATT, LOOKING NORTH

of evening for this prosy portion of the climb, so we left them to gather our impedimenta, and join us when it best pleased them. The Findlen Valley was, despite the weather, looking particularly lovely, the Alpine rose was everywhere, and on our right flank my namesake, the Stockhorn, looked quite imposing, its mighty neighbours being out of sight. The varied weather of the spring and early summer had, however, dealt hardly with its one glacier. Great crevasses cut across it almost to its foot, and made it look a fitting companion to its next-door neighbour, the broken-up and dirty-looking Findlen glacier.

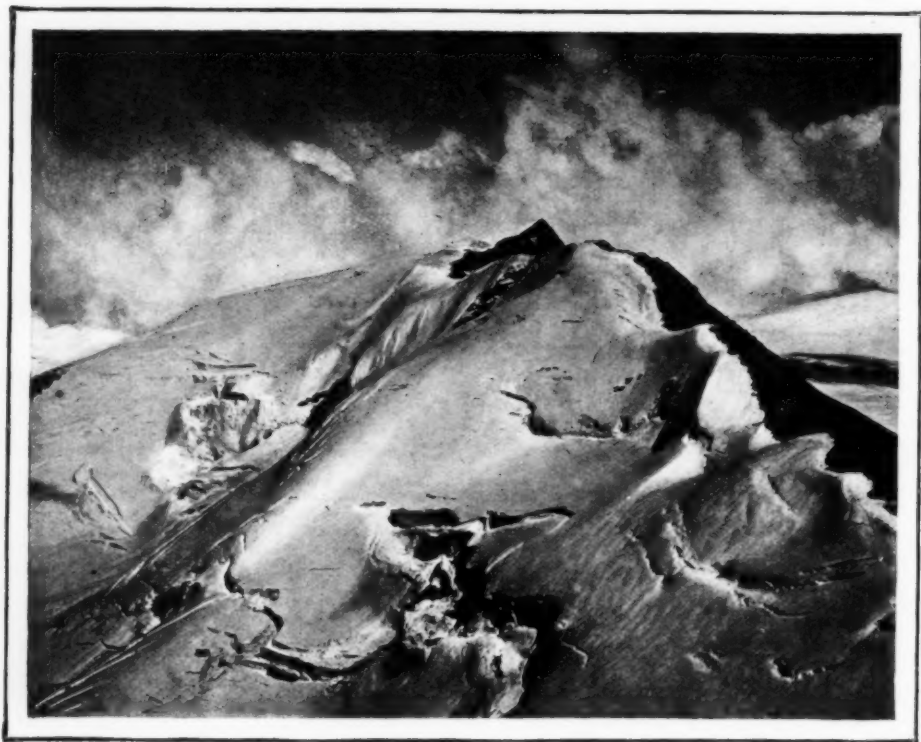
A Foul Weather Climb on the Rimphishorn

Six o'clock found us in sight of this lonely bog-surrounded little cabin, and seven o'clock in front of a frugal board of soup, sardines, and a large and fearsome sausage, with the inevitable accompaniment of *vin du pays*. I have come to think, however, that the last named is to be carefully avoided when climbing. The wine supplied at the upper huts is often a terror unalloyed, and a weak stomach will very likely have to put up with a spoilt scramble in consequence.

After solemn conclave we decided to make a start at midnight with a view to avoiding soft snow in our descent, and then adjourned to look at the weather. This looked something less than promising, but we were both in the do-or-die mood, engendered by a full meal, so crawled into the blankets for an hour or two's forgetfulness. Our guides had turned up in the interval, and appeared to think sleep quite a useless commodity. Peter, from behind the partition, had already started pumping doubtful dance-music from the pride of his life,

a small mouth-organ; and Alois, to judge by the clatter, was very fresh indeed. But my admiration gradually suffered from the attentions of the blanket-denizens, and a boot slung at the partition brought the needed silence; I would it could have brought tranquillity also. This form of game is wonderfully strong on the wing about the snow-line, despite the hard condition of the climber and his consequent want of succulence.

A very short two hours' doze brought the warning knock, a yawning struggle with our boots, a cup of soup, and we were off again, but with grave doubts as to a successful ascent. What was left of the moon looked unhappy, and the wind from the north-east—a good quarter usually—had got up with a forbiddingly snowy sting in it. Our route was by no means a comfortable one either, and the light very defective. We skirted the edge of the Adler glacier for half-an-hour, and then took to the large and extremely loose scree-shoot, which lies like a buttress against the great cliffs and



THE STOCKHORN FROM THE FINDLEN VALLEY, AND ICEFALL ON TO THE TRIFTE GLACIER

A Foul Weather Climb on the Rimphishorn

plateau dividing the Adler and Langenfluh glaciers. Up this we stumbled with Peter the cheerful in the van, took to the rocks at the head of it, and finally arrived upon the platform, to be met with a blast of wind full of ice particles that fairly took the breath away, including Alois's hat. Back over the edge we scuttled again to don mufflers and gloves, and debate upon the beauties and possibilities of the situation. For a minute or two no one ventured upon

a definite opinion, but there was a furtive is-it-worth-it air about each that all tried most unsuccessfully to hide. Peter's broad and chilly grin saved the situation, however, and his optimistic prophecies—which I fancy the old sportsman least thought would come off—sandwiched between gibe and profanity, brought us up on to the plateau again, and we started our tramp up the southern edge of it, blown, blinded, and ice-covered, till we were able to get into comparative shelter beneath the rocks of the west *arrête*. There we called a halt to clear our eyes and beat a little warmth into hands and feet. Alois's headgear now consisted of three bright bandanas tied turbanwise, and these above a purple nose blended beautifully, and looked highly artistic.

It was now somewhere between 2.30 and 3 a.m., and mighty cold too, so that a long halt was not to be thought of. Peter passed along the ropes, and we tied up in couples to allow of as much speed as possible. For it looked like a scamper to the summit and back, if we were to do it at all. We started to work up the west *arrête* with Peter leading the first couple and the second close in the rear. The wind had, of course, swept all the loose snow off the rocks, and left them beautifully ice-glazed. This, coupled with the high wind, made us



THE RIMPHISHORN (ON LEFT), SHOWING PLATEAU AND WEST ARRÊTES

cautious, for though the entire climb can in no sense be considered difficult, a sudden gust with insufficient foothold here might have had uncomfortable consequences.

The western ridge of the Rimphishorn is hard to describe, for it is quite peculiar to itself. It starts from the snow plateau already recorded, breaks into a gentle incline of rock *arrête*, and culminates in a perpendicular drop of fifteen or twenty feet on to a saddleback of snow, which in turn leads gradually up to the foot of the final and fairly stiff rock and snow ridge to the summit. Some of these conditions of course change in some degree with the seasons, so that I am only able to speak of them as I happened upon them.

We successfully negotiated the first piece of *arrête*, and were looking for a convenient descent on to the saddleback, when my friend conceived the brilliant idea of jumping it. With scarcely any warning, and despite Peter's cry of "Übergehen nicht, Herr," he took a yard or two's run, went flying outwards, ice-axe whirling, and landed on ice with a bare inch of snow covering. Of course he lost his foothold, and started at express speed, on his back, for the thousand-foot drop into the Adler pass. Peter, to whom he was roped, and who had been standing within a yard of the jump looking for a route down, promptly threw himself

A Foul Weather Climb on the Rimphishorn

on his face, and Alois, who stood nearest, as promptly sat upon him. The combination made a most excellent anchor, and my friend, who had only some thirty feet of rope to play with, was soon on the saddle again, shamefacedly dusting himself, and asking plaintively, "Did you see that?" I replied a little fiercely that I had, and Peter's well-selected remarks rounded off the incident in style.

The remaining members of the party found a slower and safer way down, and together we struggled along the saddleback in face of the biting wind, and landed frozen and blown under the rocks of the final *arrête*. Five o'clock had come and gone, and we had been going for practically an hour and a half without a halt, so thought it high time to see whether the sardines and cognac had not frozen solid. Peter was always busy at this stage in the proceedings, and set about it in a most practical manner, whilst Alois attended with a lump of snow to a slight frost-bite to the left ear he had collected in the traverse. I had for some time past lost all feelings in my hands, though double-gloved, and followed Alois's example.

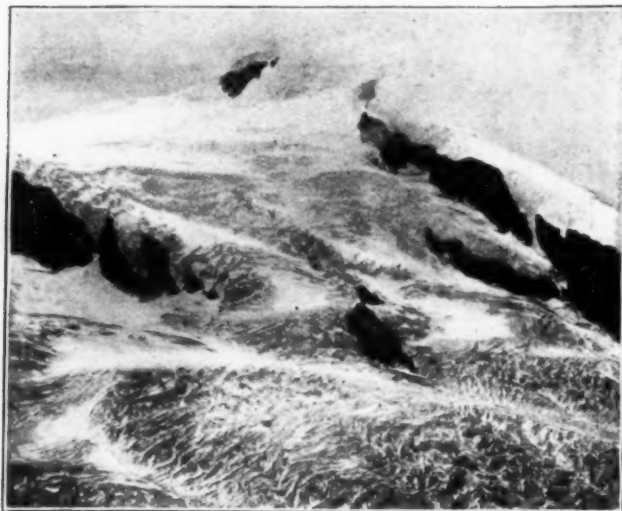
Three tins of sardines, numerous hard-boiled eggs, with a stiff tot accompanying them, put new soul into the party; and we set about the last stage of this arctic climb. Leaving our rücsacs, and everything else we did not absolutely require, in a safe

niche of rock, we started upward with the order reversed and Alois leading. Ice-cold blasts caught us at every turn, and a perfect whirlwind of ice particles surged round us, cutting the face like a knife. I think I have never experienced an intenser cold, though a blizzard on the east ridge of the Matterhorn runs it close. Half-an-hour of this brought us to a dead stop for breath and an interview with the now orphan bottle Peter was fathering with the greatest care. We had, however, but another thirty or forty minutes to the summit, which was quite hidden from us on the ridge in the whirl of snow blown from the rocks like smoke by the force of the wind. My hands had again lost all animation through scrambling the last few hundred feet minus my gloves, and the first joints of the fingers had become an uncomfortable purple colour. This would not do at all, and I was obliged to call in the aid of Alois, whose exclamation at the sight of them brought Peter scrambling down off the ledge he was comfortably tucked into. Together they took me in hand, and I emerged from the treatment feeling unhappy. The reader may possibly know the pain of partially restored circulation from frost-bite.

We had, of course, wasted some little time by my carelessness, and my friend, wedged in between two rocks just above, suggested that he would be beyond the reach of human aid altogether if we didn't

push forward pretty quickly. So coiling up the slack rope we fell again into order, and with heads tucked down, and shoulders bunched, scrambled the last 200 feet of the ridge at our best pace, and emerged upon the snow-cone of the summit in a perfect hurricane.

The view from this nearly 14,000 feet of elevation and position would have been perfect, but there was none for us, and I doubt whether we should have appreciated a sudden lift in our semi-frozen state. A few minutes was ample for the re-arrangement of the ropes, and back on to the ridge we trotted, helped considerably by that piercing north-easter, feeling we



STRAHLHORN AND ADLER GLACIER FROM RIMPHISHORN

A Foul Weather Climb on the Rimphishorn

at least had done our duty by the old peak if it hadn't by us.

I can remember very little of our descent on to the saddleback beyond a slightly modified amount of the battering we had received in the ascent. We raced along this, climbed the scene of my friend's great chamois feat, and so down the next ridge at top speed, on to the plateau, over it, and into the shelter of the rocks from which we had emerged some seven hours before like so many lost souls. There we sat thankful for the respite, cracking the ice off our clothing and sorting ourselves for battle-wounds. Alois had a fine fat ear; Peter nothing much beyond an abnormal thirst; my friend had come off easily with a damaged chin and the loss of some rather necessary portions of his clothing—portions that required extensive repair before he could appear in Zermatt again other than in a sitting position. My own troubles were confined to the hands. Each finger and thumb had swollen, with the addition of a little dead white cap about the size of a threepenny piece. Fortunately they did not prevent further scrambling, but took some months to disappear. Considering all

things, I fancy we came cheaply out of the fray.

The Rimphishorn bears the reputation of being a cold peak, and it certainly gave us of its quality on this occasion; though I can imagine it in the best of weather a very mild old lady, giving warm rocks to scramble on, leisurely step-cutting, and luxurious halts for "view-finding." But with a biting north-easter driving the ice-chips into eyes and mouth, progress slow, and the leader alone able to keep a respectable temperature, she is a dour old soul, and scarce worth wooing with axe and rope.



A TYPICAL ZERMATT GUIDE

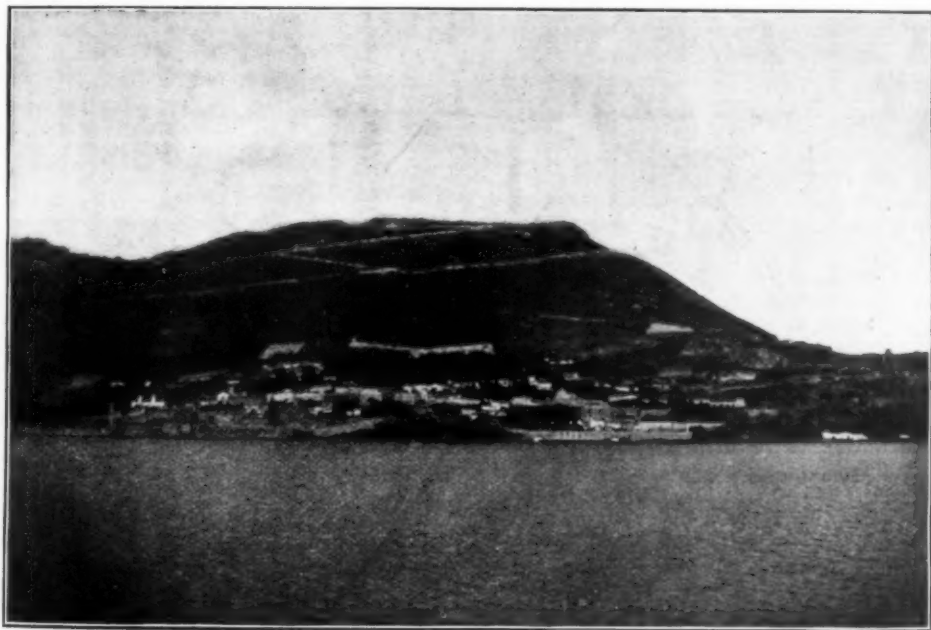


Photo by

GIBRALTAR

H. J. Clark

Colhoun's Elopement

A STORY OF DONEGAL

BY F. O'DONNELL

NOW this thing would never have happened had it not been for Molly the "blackfoot," and, accordingly, Molly must needs "have the floor," as our phrase is, at the outset.

Molly was known, something less than a hundred years ago, through the length and breadth of a wide district in County Donegal; and a sufficiently kenspeckle figure she was. A little wizened old woman with blue eyes, still keen, that peered out at you from under the shaggy grey eyebrows as though they would look you through. A twist in the back—a deformity which made her carry her head a little on one side—did not prevent her being quick on her feet, and indeed her small spare frame was no great weight to carry. A great shawl disguised her curious outlines, and, being much on the road, she wore her skirt short and wide for ease of tramping.

But what in the name of wonder is a "blackfoot," you say, apart from the noble Red man we knew in our childhood?

Ah, that was Molly's profession—her walk in life and the life of her walks, for it is a profession not without a liberal share of human interest, and not, I believe, unknown in the higher circles of society.

She was, in one word—to use the nearest equivalent of the written language, though it is far from being as specific as the folk-term—a match-maker. And this is how she went about her work. In a countryside where people moved about little, and the girls especially were rarely seen a couple of miles from home—except on some rare occasion like a wedding—Molly made it her business to keep her eye upon the rising generation over an area of some forty miles. She would talk to the girls about the young fellows, and to the men about the girls, and she was a walking register of information. She knew who was a good housekeeper and who had a dainty taste in dress; who was like to come into a well-stocked farm and who was first in the rough athletics of the countryside. Naturally she studied the tastes of her listeners too, and so it was

that not a few matches owed their origin to a hint from Molly. It was all strictly *sub rosa*, of course. Molly was never mentioned between the courting couples, though many an old married pair laughed together over their indebtedness to her. A present in kind or a silver crown or two paid her commission, and living was cheap to Molly, for her gossip paid her keep when she went on the road. Her *clientèle* lay chiefly among the smaller farmers, but most was fish that came to her net; she did not disdain a smart labouring man who had saved a little and might look to better himself, and, now and again, she made a lucky venture in rather higher quarters.

Among those who stood a little outside her sphere, and on whom she consequently looked with the jealous eye of professional ambition, was a certain Miss Kate Kirkpatrick, daughter of the Rev. Septimus Kirkpatrick, D.D., minister of "First Kilkennans," whose church was the largest and whose manse the best kept in the countryside. He was a widower, his wife having died in Kate's infancy, and the girl had been brought up by an aunt, the wife of a large farmer in a neighbouring district, a notable housewife and the mother of a large "stirring" family, among whom the girl grew up bright and lively, solidly taught by her cousins' tutor,—with a finishing year at a school in the town,—and in all housewifely skill a credit to her training. At eighteen she had come home, bringing a ray of brightness into her father's lonely life, and forthwith assuming a sway over the rather stern old man such as her timid mother had never exercised; and, what was much more wonderful, taking over as a matter of right the reins of household government from his grim old housekeeper, who became, in defiance of all probability, her devoted slave. For Mistress Kate had a way with her, and when ripening womanhood brought beauty to the support of winsomeness and spirit, it would have been a hard man or a bold woman that could have said her nay. Many were the admiring glances that followed her as she passed on the "Sabbath" morning through the

Colhoun's Elopement

groups that gathered round the church porch, with a kindly smile for old Biddy Callaghan and a thoughtful inquiry for Farmer Hayes's rheumatism—and never a look at all for the knots of big awkward young fellows; which was just as well, seeing that they would inevitably have fought afterwards over its appropriation. Of course she had all the adventitious charm which belongs to the unapproachable,

manse in the course of her rounds, but she had, as a rule, to content herself with a crack with old Grizel the housekeeper, a bite and sup of what was going in the kitchen, and such small game as the maids supplied. The mistress would have a pleasant word for her if she met her, but she knew Molly's reputation, and was not minded to figure more than she could help in the gossip of the countryside.



SHE PUT, JUST FOR A MOMENT, HER BROWN SHRUNKEN FOREARM BESIDE THE ROUND WHITENESS OF THE GIRL'S

for the young fellows of a country congregation were not in those days on visiting terms at the manse, and they stood moreover in much awe of the minister. One bold youth indeed, who effected an entrance on the plea of seeking ghostly counsel, was dealt with so faithfully by the worthy old man that he left with some shame of his errand, and more at the reception which awaited him from his cronies. And so Mistress Kate seemed like to remain a bright particular star in the local firmament, and quite provokingly out of reach.

Molly of course did not neglect the

One day however Molly was lucky enough to catch Mistress Kate at the butter-making—which it was her whim to attend to in person—with her sleeves rolled up to the elbow and a great air of business about her.

Molly opened fire at once. "Och, it's yerself's the bee-ewtiful pictur', and there's eyes that's sore for the sight of ye." Kate, it chanced, was in a mischievous mood.

"Euphrasy plucked by the light of the moon should be good for that complaint," she said demurely, for Molly, she knew, was skilful of simples, and not above re-enforcing their virtues with a touch of superstition.

Colhoun's Elopement

"Och, ye do be laughin' at an ould body, but shure it's Ould Toime has the laugh on all of us if us don't give him the slip or ever he starts to race wid us." With a sudden movement she put, just for a moment, her brown shrunken forearm beside the round whiteness of the girl's. "Take the good o' yer life, honey, and don't be goin' thro' the wood and thro' again till ye have to put up wid the crooked stick at the end of it."

"Gather ye roses while ye may," hummed Mistress Kate, "I seem to have heard that before, Molly; and what would you say is the practical application of your philosophy?"

"Och, ye think to put an ould woman off wid yer long words that ye larn from the minister," said Molly a trifle sharply, for she was not wont to be laughed at, "but people speaks wid the twist of their tongue besides their words, and ould Molly can hear wid her eyes as well as her ears, and right well I can guess that ye'd like to be knowin' just what I'm driving at, and, more by token," ended Molly huffily, "it's the same I'll not tell yez, bedad."

Kate's mischievous mood rose at the old woman's touch of temper, and knowing full well that Molly was more anxious to speak than she to hear, she turned away, humming a lively air, and busied herself with the butter-making. Carefully the knife was drawn through the freshly-washed roll to "hair" it, and then "slap, slap, slap" went the butter on the broad wooden platter held aslant—the day of mechanical presses was not yet—and the bright water ran from the edge. Molly saw her prize slipping through her fingers.

"Och, Misthress Kate, dear, wad ye listen a moment? Shure there's a foine boy just wastin' himself to his grave for the luv of ye, and ye'll not so much as look the side of the road he's on—and him that cliver and decent for all he, has the name o' bein' wild. Shure he ploughs the straightest furra and seythes the broadest swathe and binds the natest stook in the countryside, forbye bein' a fine upstandin' man, an' only his ould mother wid a third share in the farm while she lives, which won't be long—heaven be her bed."

"What's all this nonsense, Molly?" said Kate, a trifle sharply, for the rate the old woman's tongue was running at made her feel uncomfortable.

"Faith, it's yerself knows rightly who it is that bends to his saddle-bow when he'd be passin' ye on yer car, an' his bit-chains as bright as a new fourpenny, an' the baste curvettin' under him like a Prince o' the Blood—who but Mr. Hurry Colhoun of Drumlick?"

"Well, Molly, this is all very interesting, but I'm sure I don't know how I'm to help it," said Kate provokingly.

Molly sidled up to her in her excitement. "Och, mistress dear, just send a kindly word by me to the poor boy. Shure, he'd give the tongue out of his head for a word wid yez."

Kate laughed outright at the logic of that idea; then sobered a moment, and bit her lip to restrain a more mischievous smile as a sudden thought struck her.

"Och, ye will," said Molly eagerly, "I can see it in yer ee—just one little kindly word."

"Well, Molly," said Kate demurely, "you must tell him nothing from me, of course, but if he comes here this day week, and sees me in person, maybe he'll not get 'No' for an answer." This she said of malice aforethought, being minded to spend the following week at her aunt's, Mrs. Cochrane's. Molly gave her a quick, suspicious glance from deep under her eyebrows, for a capitulation like this was not to be expected; but Kate was printing the butter now as if for a wager, and, old Grizel coming in at the moment, Molly saw she must let well alone for the present.

But she was shrewder than Kate gave her credit for, and made her own inquiries, and so it came to pass that, along with the message and apparently part of it, there reached Colhoun information as to her whereabouts on the day in question.

Now Colhoun's head was not the strongest part of him, and Molly's message, acting on a well-prepared surface of conceit, produced some rather extravagant impressions. The girl was fond of him, there could be no doubt of that. No doubt, also, it was her father that stood in the way. Why not seize his chance when she was out of the dragon's ward, and boldly carry her off? He had a cousin who was curate-in-charge of a parish in the next county, a married man, under whose wife's care the girl could spend the night, while he relied on the curate to fix things up in the morning. It was a hare-brained scheme enough, but by no means impossible to a man like Colhoun,

Colhoun's Elopement

athletic, a good horseman, and not averse from a touch of adventure.

For all that he added a little Dutch courage to his natural supply when he started upon his "bold emprise," and his heart outran his horse's hoof-beats as he rode—leisurely, to save the beast—through the ten miles of cross-country lanes that separated his farm from the Cochrane's. Arrived as near as he judged safe, he

quaintly-clipped trees in the old garden were assuming still more fantastic shapes in the gathering dusk, when he was suddenly aware of a light step on the gravel, and a trim figure came towards his hiding-place. He was in no mind to risk the delays of maiden coyness. As the girl passed his hiding-place he sprang out behind her and seized her in his powerful arms. "Not a cheep out of you!" he



AS THE GIRL PASSED HIS HIDING-PLACE HE SPRANG OUT BEHIND HER AND SEIZED HER
IN HIS POWERFUL ARMS

tethered his horse to a stake in the hedge, made his way quietly into the grounds, and took up a strategic position behind a bush not far from the back-avenue gate, whither, he had reason to hope, a message sent through Molly would bring Kate to meet him. At first his tense nerves started at every sound from the direction of the house—the clash of a pail, the noises of the farmyard—but after a while the mere waiting grew to be the worst of all, and the stiffness that is the lot of the ambushed began to torture his limbs. He had waited the most of an hour, maybe, and the

bissed in her ear in a fierce whisper, and the frightened girl obeyed.

With rapid, difficult steps he carried her to where he had left his horse. A high bank made it an easy matter to hoist her up behind the saddle and mount in front of her; then, bidding her hold for her life, he struck spur and was off. For a couple of miles he rode at speed, not daring to pause, but thrilled by the touch of the soft arms round him—that needs must cling, with the pace so hot. Then in a quiet stretch of the road between high hedgerows, where the white may-blossom still peered through the

Colhoun's Elopement

dusk, and the air was heavy with scent—a spot he had chosen in his mind as he rode down as a fitting place to ask forgiveness—he drew rein at last. His heart was beating, not with the exercise alone, for with all his boldness he stood in some awe of his divinity, and felt no little apprehension as to how she might take so unceremonious a wooing. “Kate,” he said timidly, “Kate, darlin’, can you—” But with that there burst a thunder-clap. “‘Kate,’ is it, ye spalpeen! ‘Kate,’ ye reiver!” and with the word a spread hand took the side of his head at the full swing of a vigorous arm, and stayed not for one blow, nor yet for a brace; so that, between the twin shocks to mind and body, and the shying of his horse at the sudden tornado upon his back, he lost his seat, and the pair of them slid to the ground together—and when they had picked themselves up, behold his prize was Mrs. Cochrane’s dairy-maid, Annie Cassidy, a trim enough slip of a girl, whom, in the failing light, it was not altogether strange that he should have mistaken.

A more dumfounded man and an angrier maid have rarely confronted one another. But the girl was mistress of the situation. “I’ll publish you far and wide through the country,” she cried. “Carryin’ off a decent girl that fashion! And not the sinse to know what ye’d be doin’ at that! Mistress Kate, is it, indeed! Cock ye up! Promised she is to Hector Cochrane, ye may care to know.”

The girl stormed on, but for a moment or two Colhoun did not heed her, for the last shot had told.

“I’ll grind ould Molly’s bones for this,” was the first thought that found articulate utterance.

“Deed that ye’ll not, then,” said the girl. “Ye’ll keep a quait tongue in yer head, or ye’ll never show your face again in a fair in this country; there’d be sides broke laughin’ at ye, so there wud. There’s just one way out of it for you that I see, Hurry Colhoun, and that’s to go on at what ye’ve begun—supposin’ I’d have ye, of course.” Pretty enough she was as she stood there, flushed and angry, with a glint of coquetry beginning to show through her wrath.

Dashed with failure, piqued at the news of Kate’s engagement, hot at the thought of the ridicule he must face, dominated not a little by the force and quickness of the girl, his gusty nature took a sudden turn.

“Mistress Colhoun you shall be,” he said, and they got to horse again.

So that is the tale of Colhoun’s elopement.

“Good enough she was for that harum-scarum,” the gossips said; “but ’twas a much better down-sitting than she’d any call to expect, all the same, and what for he wanted to go carryin’ her off that fashion was more than they could divine.”

But Annie had a woman’s one sufficient motive for silence, and kept her secret.

A South African Memory

BY AGNES MACREADY

IN spite of the strong light thrown upon warfare during the recent war, there are still people to be met with firmly convinced that the Army Nursing Sister (in ambush evidently amongst the rocks or trees hard by while the engagement is in progress) steps on to the battlefield as soon as the guns have ceased firing, and proceeds to apply dressings or to administer drink to the wounded by the light of the sun, or preferably the rays of a lantern. This idea, which harks back to other days, has been fostered by descriptive writers and artists in black and white who have drawn largely upon their imagination. But the idea, however admirably it serves as a basis for a picture or romance, is not in accordance with

facts, for the modern nurse may find no rest for the sole of her foot within a certain radius of miles from the scene of action.

Her place is in the hospital along the lines of communication, and if occasionally she happens to hear the faint boom of cannon in the distance, considers herself blest as being one of the few fortunate enough to have reached a point near “the front.” Of course the siege nurse is exempted from this assertion. But siege nurses, pre-eminent in warlike experiences, form only a small minority.

An Army Nursing Sister on active service is simply a hospital nurse working under some trying conditions and at a higher rate of speed than would probably fall to her lot

A South African Memory

in an ordinary civilian institute. To the outside world she is a heroine, a second Florence Nightingale; to her own world a burdened woman much troubled by difficulties in the way of obtaining a requisite number of dressing-trays and lotion-basins, clean towels, etc., for the proper performance of her work in an extemporised hospital. When the supply of fresh milk gives out an hour previous to the admission of a convoy of serious enteric cases, or when the can of beef-tea refuses to behave after the fashion of the widow's cruse, it is difficult indeed for the Army Nursing Sister to remember that in the eyes of the public she is placed on the level of a heroine.

And the Sister must be pardoned if, as the sick and wounded come into the wards, she fails to recognise in Private Crump of the Gloucesters, badly wounded, a hero over whose head floats the vision of the Victoria Cross, and sees in him only a poor, neglected man, very dirty, very thirsty, and badly in need of a good wash and generous "feeding up." Allowances too must be made for her should she chance to let fall the remark (on removing a blood-stained bandage from a shattered leg, so shattered as to be of no further service to its owner, a reservist with a delicate wife and seven little children awaiting his return in Scotland) that "War is just hateful," when, according to popular opinion and the story-book, she should be eulogising the glory of being permitted to lose a leg in the defence of the Empire. For the Army Sister is called upon to witness the grey side of a campaign, to stand face to face with the *after results* of a battle, whether the result is a victory or a defeat.

At the beginning of the war there was naturally some slight confusion in the arrangements of the Army Medical Department. The supply of Sisters was inadequate, and the corps of orderlies of the R.A.M.C., however willing, could not possibly overtake the rush and pressure of work entailed by the hard, hot fighting in Natal before the relief of Ladysmith. Then the army, perforce, fell back on the civilian element, on civilian doctors, nurses, orderlies of "all sorts and conditions." It must be admitted that the army stood the shock of the introduction of new blood remarkably well, although the effects of *that* shock may still be felt within the precincts of the War Office. The incursion of civilians might be likened to a raid made by a crowd of gay,

laughing school-boys on the premises of a neat, precise, prim old maid. The laughing school-boys meant no harm, but they had small respect for the antique furniture, the ancient silver, and jars of pot-pourri, and wickedly made mock of the venerable parrot which, half asleep on its perch, called out from time to time, "All's well, all's well." But with the progress of the war the civilians gradually, as a whole, fell into line with the army, or the army fell into line with the civilians, and the Medical Department, recovering its balance, issued stringent red-tape regulations, so that it again became a matter of infinite importance for "sick Tommy's" slippers to be placed individually to the right and left of his heavy boots on a given line at the bottom of his bed, placed exactly six inches from the wall.

A day in a military hospital on active service, as a day in a large household, is largely made up of little things, of apparently insignificant trifles. Did the sun shine, or the rain fall when the wounded came in in hundreds from the Red Cross trains after the battle of Spion Kop? I cannot recollect, but I *do* know that on that big day of days the diminutive Beatrice oil-stove, which from its kettle supplied the ward with hot water for the fomentations and dressings of about sixty odd men, failed to do its duty through a mishap to the wick. A fresh wick was procurable at the quartermaster's stores. According to regulations, however, it was necessary for the order in the requisition book to be signed by the doctor of the division. Alas, the said doctor was absent, busy with operations. Finally, in the end the book was signed, but by that time the quartermaster had gone to his dinner. For a number of hours, therefore, patient Tommy's wounds were fomented by means of boiling water carried at great inconvenience a long distance from the kitchen at the top of the hill, naturally arriving in a lukewarm condition, and as a consequence my memories of Spion Kop are not associated with the general air of gloom and depression that assuredly existed in the camp, but with a paltry oil-stove which, through evil behaviour, occasioned amongst Sisters and orderlies much "vexation of spirit."

It was always the "little things" that took hold of one. There was the letter lying in No. Thirty-seven's locker, a letter addressed in a trembling old woman's hand,

A South African Memory

and bearing the postmark of the Orkney Isles, which had sought Pte. Ross of H.M. Field Forces up and down South Africa, only to discover him at last sinking slowly into the Unknown Land. The tender words had been read to him ere he lapsed into unconsciousness, and ere he knew how they ran, how "All the people at the kirk were inquiring after you on the last Sabbath, my dear son, and hoping that God in His mercy would spare you to come home. Father is keeping better, and looks very often at his old Crimean sword, and seems proud to have a son follow in his footsteps. Katie has taken to knitting a quilt against your home-coming, and tells me to remind you not to forget to wear the woollen comforter on the 'march.'" So while mother in far-away Orkney takes to running to the door to watch for the postman, for *surely* it must be nearly time for news from South Africa, and Katie knits diligently at the quilt, Pte. Ross, amid the noise of a barrack-room, turns his face to the wall and falls asleep. And all day long afterwards the trifle of a letter presses home deeper, more acutely, the misery which results from war, than the sight of one hundred men sick and wounded stepping from the Red Cross wagons drawn up on the square. Always the little things, the minor events.

Battles might be fought, won or lost, De Wet captured, according to rumour Lord Kitchener taken prisoner, but dinner invariably held its position as the important feature of the day. The names of Colenso, of Spion Kop, of Wagon Hill and Vaal Krantz are for me rapidly becoming obliterated by the mists of the vanishing years, but memories of dinners, of Tommy's comments anent the quality of the "stewed varied," the scantiness of the "plain roast," the poverty of the soup, and the invisibility of the potatoes, are still fresh and green, for after all, the ambushing of a company of the "Bers" or "Derbys," the surrender of sixty Boers, had small interest for the sick inhabitants of a camp, while a mistake on the part of the cook brought grief and pain and discontent and bitterness to valiant soldiers of the Queen.

One gradually became accustomed to the uncertainty of life on active service, to quick exits and hurried arrivals, to sudden orders and equally swift cancelling of orders, to patchwork days and topsy-turvy hours. The sense of the "unexpected" staved off stagnation.

At any moment a ward of convalescent Tommies in blue flannels might by a stroke of the pen be converted into soldiers in khaki, with orders to march to the station for the purpose of boarding a transport for England. And the end of the war, which end certainly came under the category of "the unexpected," even danced a "Will-o'-the-wisp" before the eyes of the men. Notwithstanding the sad aspect generally of lines of men sick and wounded, mirth and gaiety managed to find seats beside some of the patients. Impossible to forget a Dublin Fusilier, with a superficial shell-wound in the right leg, who danced jigs at intervals for the purpose (as he said) of keeping up a friend's spirits, until the doctor, dissatisfied with the healing progress of the wound, gave him the option of abandoning the step-dances or visiting the guard-room; nor a "comic" from a London music-hall, who with his arm in a sling was only too willing to do a turn at any moment for the benefit of his comrades.

And humour was frequently at hand in the red-tape arrangements of the army. On one occasion, visiting a ward I was confronted with the spectacle of a strong, able-bodied soldier, who had been helping in the wards for about six weeks previously whilst waiting for a ship, lying prone on a stretcher, with two orderlies standing in readiness as bearers. In consternation I asked if Brown had broken his leg? "It is all right, Sister," a sergeant replied, "the men have to start at once for England, and as Brown is down on the papers as a stretcher case, as a 'stretcher' he must go to the railway station." It was useless to explain, useless to give evidence that Brown, fit and strong after a very slight attack of malaria, was able to walk and carry his kit too, for Brown was entered in a certain form in the blue papers, and who dare gainsay the fact? So along the tree-bordered, shady road I watched my strong, healthy friend being carried slowly to the station, where he was carefully lifted from the canvas and placed in a recumbent position amongst sick men, "according to regulations." And never a smile was seen on the face of sergeant or bearer. But mirth and gaiety are seldom found abroad when the shadows of night fall upon the camp, for in the dreary watches of the night the evils that follow in the wake of our army take form and shape. Then Pain unveils her face, and Suffering stretches forth her hand, while

Death boldly opens doors and throws wide the window.

* * * * *

Outside, the moonlight falls soft but cold upon Wagon Hill with its big graves, like flower-beds, of the 18th Devons, the 17th Imperial Light Horse, the rows of the King's Royal Rifles, and the solitary grave of the 5th Lancer, but so softly does it lie on the hill that the disfiguring outlines of the trenches and sangers have lost half their harshness. The air is the still air of the small hours, so still that the murmur of the Klip River, unheard in the day, becomes distinctly audible. It is an enviable night in which to keep watch. As I go my rounds I have frequently found No. 10 in Hut 39 awake, and a night passed under these circumstances is inexpressibly dreary. Having a few minutes to spare (for since midnight Trooper Dare has turned the corner in pneumonia), I wait to hear the story I know No. 10 longs to tell.

He was a clerk in a big warehouse in London when "called up." In spite of being under fire in several engagements, big engagements too, like Pieter's Hill, he had escaped without a scratch, but when the winter set in, lying out on the open veldt in forced marches, he had caught a chill, which resulted in an attack of jaundice.

Afterwards, for some reason or other, paralysis set in, and he seems to get no better, cannot now use his legs or arms. Half shyly he asks me if I cared to look at the portrait of his wife and child. From the locker, swathed in the soldier's red handkerchief, I take the photo of a sweet-faced woman and a laughing child. At his request I raise high the lantern to let him look again on the picture, for the helpless hands are unable to grasp the frail piece of cardboard, and big tears, which he fails to keep back, roll down his cheek. Wife and child and home are very far off indeed, and we are in the hours when the soul feels lonely.

What answer can I give to the question, "Do you think I will be able to go home in the next boat, Sister?" And what can I do but offer to write a letter at the first opportunity to the wife for the helpless fingers which cannot use a pen as of yore?

Such a "little incident," an everyday occurrence in a military hospital, just the picture of a woman and a child wrapped in a red cotton handkerchief lying on a locker beside a sick soldier, yet a "little incident" strong enough to set the tide of revulsion flowing against the iniquity of war in a commonplace woman's heart, who somehow has not succeeded in catching a glimpse of the glory that overshadows the battlefield.

The Pitfalls of American English

AN American lady once startled me by the emphasis she laid upon the difficulty she had experienced in making herself understood in England. On the Continent she had suffered many vexations from her ignorance of any European language, and had looked forward hopefully to the prospect of comprehending and being comprehended as soon as she reached London. But she actually found, to her disappointment, that interpretation was as serious a problem there as in France or Italy. Perhaps she exaggerated the discrepancies between the language of England and that of the United States, but I am convinced, after more than two years' residence in America, that they are commonly much under-estimated by the Englishman who has not crossed the Atlantic.

In the first place, the difference in tone and accent is often a great hindrance

to intelligibility, especially at the rapid rate of speaking usual in conversation. The importance of this point will be appreciated by any one who, after acquiring a fair knowledge of the vocabulary and grammar of a foreign language, has visited the country in which it is the native tongue. The nasal twang of American speech—a peculiarity, by the way, which is not nearly so often heard in America itself as from American travellers in England—causes less difficulty than its unfamiliar cadences and the stress laid upon syllables and particles which with us are passed over lightly. From this cause I have again and again had to ask my American friends to repeat what they have just said, and they have had equal difficulty in understanding me at the first hearing. My reference to a "vacation," for instance, puzzles those who are accustomed to speak of a "vaycation."

The Pitfalls of American English

At dinner, dishes which I had declined with a "No, thank you," were, nevertheless, frequently brought to me until I adopted the local custom of a plain "No." As for the newsboys of the New York streets, they might be speaking the Dutch of the original New Amsterdam for all the meaning I can get out of them. If I ask for the "Post" anywhere except at my usual corner I am invariably offered the "News." Now I confess that the influence of long residence in Devonshire may have made my speech vary somewhat from normal English, but I know of nothing in Grimm's Law or out of it that will adequately explain such a complete mutation.

The difference between English and American methods of pronouncing particular words often produces misunderstanding. One day, entering a Philadelphia hotel and wishing to engage a room, but not being certain at which of several similar desks the register was kept, I went up to one of them and inquired whether it was the desk of the hotel clerk. "No," was the reply; "this is the Hotel Lafayette." Through saying "clark" instead of "clerk" I had been supposed to be asking whether the hotel in which I found myself bore the name of the Hotel Clark. "Vase" always rhymes with "baize," "route" with "doubt," "wrath" with "bath," and "wound" (the noun) with "round." The "a" is short in "parent" and the "i" long in "tribune." Each "i" is long in "quinine," and the accent is on the first syllable. The accent is on the first syllable in "address," "inquiry," and "corollary," on the second in "detail" and "eczema" (in which the second "e" is long), and on the third in "advertisement." The "ch" of "schedule" is pronounced "k." The final "t" is sounded in "restaurant," "valet" and "trait." It is a dreadful sign of ill-breeding to say "figger" instead of "figure." A popular English minister said "figger" in the first of a recent series of sermons in New York, but some deacon probably set him right during the week, for the next Sunday he was careful to follow the approved pronunciation.

Unexpected variations in the meaning of familiar words are a still greater stumbling-block in the path of the English resident in America. On his first arrival in New York, if he does not establish himself in a hotel or boarding-house—there are no "lodgings" for him to take—he is advised to look out

for a suitable "apartment." He may reply that he wants more than a single room, but he learns that an "apartment" is equivalent to a "flat," and may consist of as many as ten or twelve. Wherever he chooses his quarters he will probably ask for the "lift," only to be met by a blank stare. It might be thought that, although "elevator" is the right word to use, "lift" would at least be an intelligible synonym, but I can testify that it is not. The domestic staff must also be differently addressed. The "parlour-maid" becomes a "waitress," and the "housemaid" a "chambermaid."

American meals afford us many opportunities of revising our native vocabulary. We discover that a "lunch" is an unsubstantial repast taken at any time of day. A newspaper correspondent was recently commending the hygienic value of a light lunch taken just before going to bed. Whatever our meal may be, let us suppose that we have been shown to our seat in the dining-room. If we find no "serviette" in front of us, which is extremely unlikely, it will be vain to ask for it by that name; it remains the old English "napkin." Intoxicants are rarely consumed with meals in America, so most of our fellow-guests, whether abstainers or not, will be taking "soft drinks." The menu enables us to become acquainted with a number of strange dishes, but it is the familiar items that are the most confusing. We wish some "beet-root" with our meat. We repeat the order, but to no purpose. Presently the waiter has a sudden gleam of illumination. "You mean beets." We find that after all it was "beets" that we meant, and that it was "cucumbers," with nothing really plural about them except the number of slices, that we meant when we asked for "cucumber." We hesitate at first about "corn," for wheat in the ear is not tempting; our courage, however, is rewarded by a delightful preparation of maize. By and by our waiter wants to know whether we are "through" with this course and are ready for "dessert." We tell him that we would prefer to have the "sweets" first. Again a complete mystification, until it is somehow discovered that "dessert" is the name given in America to what is the "sweet" course in England. In pursuing our investigations further, we ask for "cakes." The waiter departs to the end of the room, from which he returns with the message that they are all gone. We

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call his attention to the fact that there is a plate of them at the adjoining table. He explains with much condescension that those are not "cakes," but "cake." "Cakes" in America are a kind of pancakes, commonly of buckwheat. Once more we aim blindly at a target and demand "biscuits." We receive hot rolls. We should have asked for "crackers." We conclude our meal, perhaps, by ordering an ice, as this delicacy, to judge from its general popularity, appears to be easily procurable. There are ices, ices everywhere, but still we are not understood. Ice is in such general use for all kinds of purposes that when we want "ice-cream" we must say so.

We go shopping—not, however, in the "shops," but in the "stores." "Store" is not only equivalent to "shop," but is specialised to mean the ground-floor of a business building, as distinguished from the higher storeys, which are "lofts." "Loft for rent" does not necessarily indicate that there is an attic to let. Possibly old stock is being cleared out, in which case an "unloading sale" is advertised. We inquire our way about of the "floor-walker," who directs us to the "clerks" or "sales-ladies" who will wait on us. "Shop-assistant" is unknown in America, and "shop-girl" would be insulting. For ironmongery we proceed to the department of "hardware," and for dress materials to that of "dry goods." Games and athletic appliances are classified as "sporting goods." At the sign of "notions" we must not expect to gain any ideas, except that of the novelty of using this word to signify haberdashery. Clothes made to measurement are known as "custom made." We find that "calico" means a printed cotton cloth, and that for a "blouse," a "shirt front," and a "reel of cotton" we must ask for a "shirt waist" or "waist," a "bosom," and a "spool of thread" respectively. We must be careful not to demand an "overall" unless we want a garment which is a sort of combination of jacket and bloomers, or to ask for "boots" unless we desire Wellingtons. What we call "boots" are in America "shoes," while our "shoes" are "low shoes," "ties," or "Oxfords." Other curiosities that will strike our attention are "rubbers" for "goloshes," "picture mats" for "picture mounts," and a stall of more or less damaged publications labelled "hurt books." The announcement of "domestics"

in the basement does not indicate a servants' registry, but the department of house linen. The popularity of this word, by the way, is evident from "domestic mails," "domestic missions," and "roast domestic duck." If we inquire for something that we do not see, it is better American to ask the clerks whether they "handle" it or "carry" it, than whether they "keep" it.

But it is when we attempt to travel that we most urgently need the assistance of an interpreter. If we convey to a friend our intention of journeying, we must not be taken aback if he inquires what arrangements we have made for our "transportation." There is in this no hint of Botany Bay; in America the word has no penal associations. We make our way by "trolley" or "street car"—"tram" is rarely heard, what we call a "tramway" being always a "street railway"—to the "depôt." We are not in much danger of being misunderstood if we use "station" instead of "depôt," for the English word is rapidly coming into use. But nobody will have the least inkling of what we are seeking if we ask for the "booking-office." If we are raw enough to do that, we shall have to wander all over the building until at last we come across the "ticket-office." A passenger who intends to return within a short time will save by purchasing a "round trip ticket," while one who is constantly going to and fro over the same route will become a "commuter"—the American "commutation ticket" is the equivalent of our "season ticket"—or will provide himself with a "ten-ride ticket" or "twenty-five-ride ticket." Those who travel by the "limited," that is, a train limited to "parlour cars" or sleepers, have to pay higher fares, and rates are also sometimes higher than ordinary if one uses the "air line," or most direct of the alternative routes between stations. If we catch sight of an "express car" we must not suppose it is a passenger carriage belonging to a train of accelerated speed; it is simply a luggage-van. Our own "baggage" will travel by it when we have "checked" it, after which time the "baggage-master" becomes responsible for its safety, but we shall probably prefer to carry our "valise" or "grip" with us into the "cars." All heavy merchandise is "shipped" by "freight train." We start with a cry of "All aboard," and if we stop at some wayside station for which no time is set on the "schedules," it

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is because we are "flagged" by a would-be passenger. The station-master is transformed into a "station agent," the guard into a "conductor," the engine-driver into an "engineer," and the stoker into a "fireman," while the rails become the "track" or the "road," and the sleepers on which they are built become "ties."

There are many other instances of linguistic variation which it would be difficult to classify. "Funeral" denotes a funeral service, not the actual burial. On the death of President McKinley, the Mayor of New York appealed to Secretary Hay that the arrangements for the obsequies might "include a public funeral in this city." A "veteran" is a man, of no matter what age, who has smelt powder in battle; there are thousands of young men who are spoken of as "veterans of the Spanish war." "Prelate" is used of any ecclesiastical dignitary. An American paper commented on a letter of Canon Henson's that "these remarks have excited the ire of another prelate, Canon Garratt." "Corporation" does not mean a municipal body, but a business combination, and "the franchise question" has nothing to do with voting, but concerns the granting of privileges—as, for instance, the right to lay down tramways in the streets—to such firms. When we read of the "operators" of the Pennsylvania coal mines, the similarity of the word to "operatives" may suggest the miners, but it is actually applied to the mine-owners. In such announcements as "A Chicago taxpayer filed a bill in chancery to enjoin the board from carrying out this resolution," we find "enjoin" used in the sense of "prevent by the issue of an injunction." "Contestant" generally displaces our "competitor." A candidate who fails is not "rejected," but "turned down." In America the street peddler is a "fakir," the rough a "tough," the hooligan a "hoodlum," and the tramp a "hobo." The Italian navvies at work on the New York subway are commonly spoken of as "dagoes." This word has an interesting history. Before the Chinese came to California, the Portuguese were the hewers of wood and drawers of water along the Pacific coast. The commonest name among them was "Diego," which was transformed to "Dago," transplanted to the Atlantic coast, and applied to a member of any Latin race.

"Crowd" does not necessarily imply a throng, but is almost a synonym of "group."

If, for instance, a member of one of the committees appointed by a conference should open the wrong door and find himself in the presence of another committee, he would probably remark, "I see this is not my crowd." "Transient" is in frequent use both as substantive and adjective. The Post Office imposes different rates upon "transient newspapers," sent occasionally by one person to another, and the newspapers dispatched regularly from the publication office to subscribers. So, too, the hotel rates differ for residents and "transient guests." The word is even applied to horses, as in the notice "boarding stables for transients." "Nasty" is one of the most offensive words that can be used, while "bug" has no unpleasant connotations, being almost equivalent to "insect." It is used, for example, of locusts and cicadas.

A new-comer is likely to be puzzled by the locution "good and," which has no reference to virtue, but is another way of saying "very." Its use may be understood from such sentences as "It's freezing good and hard," "Twill be good and cold tomorrow," "The doctor says if I don't take care I shall be good and sick." In the last illustration "sick" is used in the old English sense of "ill." "Claim" has almost become identical with "declare," as in the newspaper head-line, "Young woman claims she does not get enough to eat." In the Middle West, at any rate, a "visit" is almost equivalent to a "chat." If two friends meet in the train and talk together for half-an-hour, one of them may remark as they separate, "I have much enjoyed this pleasant visit." "I do not like him any," and "I walked some and I rode some" are not in accordance with the grammatical text-books, but are not difficult to understand.

A comparison between the American and English uses of prepositions will show many differences. One may mention "Imprisonment at hard labour," "This is the hottest summer in ten years," "The Dead March from Saul," "Ten minutes of four," "Half after four," and "He lives on Main Street." A business which in England is shut up would in America be "closed down." "O" is generally prefixed to a call for an individual. If a mistress needs her servant, she will exclaim "O Norah," with the stress upon the "O."

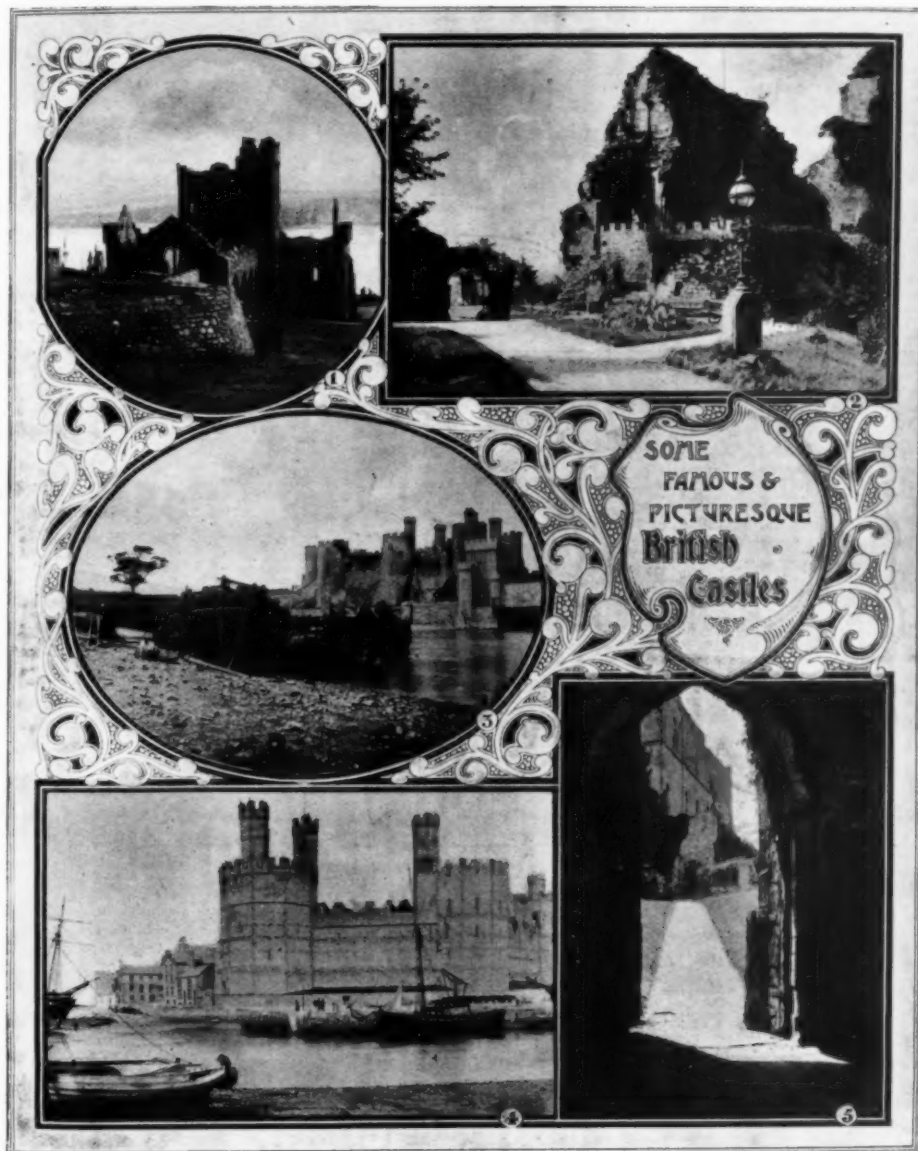
Much could be said of the American

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practice in the coining of hybrids, the transformation of nouns into verbs, and the use of intransitives as transitives. But the notes here collected to illustrate the variations of idiom in the colloquial tongue

are enough to show to how many risks of misunderstanding the English immigrant is exposed in the process of becoming "acclimated"—not "acclimatised."

HERBERT W. HORWILL.



1. PEEL, ISLE OF MAN.

2. KNARESBORO', YORKSHIRE.

3. CONWAY, NORTH WALES.

4. CARNARVON, NORTH WALES.

5. CHEPSTOW, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Photographed by Ernest W. Jackson.

Jill's Red Bag

BY AMY LE FEUVRE

AUTHOR OF "PROBABLE SONS"

CHAPTER XIII.—MONA'S TENTH

IT seemed a long time to the children before Mona returned, and their first sight of her was a distinct shock to them.

She came back with a closely-cropped head, and a white face, looking so fragile that Bumps confided to Jack that she thought "Mona must be nearly dying."

But her voice and laugh reassured them. They wondered when they saw her kiss Miss Falkner.

"Do you like her very much?" asked Jack.

"Very much," said Mona promptly. "She came to me when I wanted her, and it was through her that I got well again!"

"But hadn't you any doctors?"

"Miss Falkner was my doctor."

This sounded puzzling, but Mona astonished them still more by things she said and did. She came into the school-room while the Bible-reading was going on and asked Miss Falkner questions about it, as if she were one of her pupils. She started having family prayers; and then one afternoon Jill found her trespassing again in the vicinity of "Bethel."

"I think I must join your Tenth Society, Jill. Tell me what you do."

Jill's face flushed crimson with delight.

"Will you? Do you mean it really? And will you put your tenth into the red bag?"

Mona appeared to be considering.

"My tenth will be a big affair by the side of yours, Jill. What does the red bag do with your money?"

"I take it to Mr. Errington every fortnight. He keeps the money. It's for Chilton Common, you know. They do want a church there dreadfully."

"I think I must have a little talk with Mr. Errington about it."

"But you will help us to fill our bag, won't you?"

"I dare say I shall."

Mona was looking away through the pines rather dreamily as she spoke. Jill brought her back to the subject in hand.

"And will you join us now? Properly?"

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You will, won't you? And say the vow by our stones like Jacob? Let me just go and tell Jack and Bumps. They would love to hear you."

But Mona caught hold of her as she was flying off.

"No, Jill. Grown-up people have different ways to children. It isn't a game to me, and it means a great deal more than you could imagine. But I like your quaint idea of raising a little Bethel under the pines here, and if you leave me quite alone, I will take the vow in the same place that you did. More you cannot expect from me."

"But somebody ought to hear you," objected Jill. "I am sure it's more proper to have people looking on."

"God will hear me. Did Jacob have people near him?"

Jill was speechless. Then obediently she walked away, and waited for her sister at the entrance to the wood. When Mona joined her there was a soft radiance about her face that made her look very beautiful.

"Oh, Jill," she said, "a tenth seems such a miserable portion to offer back. How shall I ever pay the debt of all the past wasted years?"

"And when will you divide your money?" asked Jill. "Do let me see you do it. And if it's too difficult, Miss Falkner is very good at sums. She'll do it for you."

"I shall go and see Mr. Errington this afternoon. You must be patient, Jill. All in good time."

The next day the children were walking out in the village with Miss Falkner when they met the vicar.

He beamed when he saw them.

"Have you heard the good news?" he said. "Miss Baron did not bind me to secrecy. Perhaps she has told you herself?"

"I think I know," said Jill, nodding wisely.

"I have written to a builder, an old friend of mine, and asked him to come over at once and talk it out with me. Now the money is forthcoming we shall soon have the mission-room."

"What!" cried Jill. "Have you got enough money to build it?"

"Indeed I have. And we'll have it up in no time."

"I wonder how the people will like it," said Miss Falkner meditatively.

Mr. Errington looked quickly at her.

"A month ago I should have had heart-sinkings on that point. But I assure you it is their chief topic at present when I go over to them. I fancy sometimes they expect it to bring to them more temporal than spiritual food; but it is owing to a visit from these small people that their antagonism has vanished."

"But who—how have you got the money, Mr. Errington?" inquired Jack.

"Ask your sister. She may enlighten you."

"It is Mona's tenth!" exclaimed Jill, capering up and down in delight. "How soon will it be built, Mr. Errington,—next week?"

Mr. Errington laughed as he went his way.

"Oh, you young people! So hot and impatient, so quick to resolve and carry out. I wish I could instil some of your spirits into the sluggish natures that I have to deal with!"

The children could do little else but talk of Chilton Common all that day.

"And now," said Jack, "if all the money is got for the church, where is our tenth money to go to?"

"I think it will be some time before everything will be bought," said Miss Falkner. "You must remember there will be lots of things wanted inside the mission-room; seats—hassocks, perhaps—lamps, and all kinds of other articles. Mr. Errington will like to get your money for some time to come, I am sure."

"And there are always the heathen to send it to," said Jill. "They never come to an end, do they, Miss Falkner? You send your money to them always, don't you?"

"Yes," Miss Falkner replied. "I feel more drawn towards them. At home here in England there are so many to teach and help the ignorant ones. Out abroad there are millions still out of reach of help and Christianity."

Jill looked grave.

"And how much money does it take exactly to make a heathen a Christian, Miss Falkner?"

Miss Falkner smiled.

"I can't tell you, Jill. There is the cost

of a missionary going out; he or she are the means, with God's help, of converting a heathen. But every little helps."

"Mr. Errington says the Chilton Common people are heathen!"

"Yes, dear, he means they are living without any thought of God."

"But we did that before you came to us. Really and truly, Miss Falkner, we never thought about God at all. And I'm afraid I didn't want to. You see no one had told us about the Golden City. And I didn't know that Jesus loved us so, and would help us, and keep on forgiving us."

Jill's face was earnest and sweet. Her governess stooped and kissed her.

"But you know about it now, dear, and you must try to help others who are still ignorant."

Jill nodded, then ran away to play.

Autumn came, and then winter. Mr. Errington's energy never flagged; and it was a happy day for the children when the foundation-stone was laid for the mission-room on Chilton Common.

Mona was asked to lay it, but for some time she hesitated, and suggested that Jill should do it instead. Jill flatly refused, and Miss Falkner encouraged her in her refusal.

"I do not hold with children being placed in prominent positions," she said to Mona when they were talking the matter over. "Jill is a clever child, and wants to be repressed rather than pushed forward. I am glad to see she has the good sense to be shy of such a ceremony."

"But I am such a beginner," said Mona humbly. "I have never gone in for good works, and lots of my friends—even Miss Webb—think that my illness has left my brain a little weak and queer."

"Your friends could not think laying a foundation-stone queer conduct. And if they do, what does it matter?"

The children were having their talk about it round the school-room fire.

"I shouldn't like to lay a foundation-stone," said Jack. "Fancy, if you put it a little crooked, then the whole place would tumble down! Sam told me so."

"I should love to build it all," said Jill. "Sticking bricks and stones into clay or wet stuff is lovely! But I couldn't do it with a lot of people and clergymen looking on. I hate people staring!"

"Is it the very bottomest thtöne of all?" questioned Bumps with big eyes.

Jill's Red Bag

"Of course, stupid!" said Jack. "Do you think it would be the top one?"

"I asked Mr. Errington what it was going to be called," said Jill. "He says he doesn't want exactly a church there, because he wants to give them tea and magic lanterns in the winter, so it's a mission-room, and do you know what he says we can call it? The Bethel Mission-room."

Jack and Bumps set up a cheer at once.

"It's called after our stones," went on Jill proudly. "Mr. Errington said it had been built by tenths. And he told me the meaning of Bethel, which I didn't know before."

"What does it mean?"

"The house of God."

There was silence for a minute, then Jack said slowly—

"But our place under the pines isn't that."

"I like to think it is sometimes," said Jill quietly.

The day came at last for the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone. Even Miss Webb, who viewed most of Mona's proceedings now with raised eyebrows, entered into the spirit of it with real heartiness.

When they drove out to the desolate spot, all the inhabitants of the Common were there, and Jack and Jill walked amongst them, greeting them as old friends.

Mona performed her part very gracefully.

Mr. Errington had a good many friends present, but none enjoyed it all so much as the children.

"This is only the very beginning of it," Jill confided to a rough specimen of girlhood, who had been making depreciatory remarks, after the service was over. "You wait till your room is built, then you'll see."

"What shall us see? A parson in a pulpit?"

"You'll see the way to the Golden City," Jill said enthusiastically. "And Mr. Errington will be always telling you about it, till you all set out and go. And he'll give you teas and magic lanterns. I wish I lived here to see the workmen build it. I should come and watch them every day, and make them hurry."

As they drove home in the carriage with Mona they heard a startling bit of news.

It was Miss Webb who began talking of the room.

"Mr. Errington is quite down at leaving. He told me it is only his wife's health that takes him. He hopes to hurry on the

building—but I doubt if it will be finished before the New Year. It is strange that as soon as he gets his desire about this wild bit of his parish he should have to leave it."

"Is Mr. Errington going away?" asked Jill breathlessly.

Mona looked at her gravely as she answered—

"Yes, I suppose you can all know it now. You can't be as sorry as I am. I was just getting to like him so."

Miss Webb gave a little laugh.

"It wasn't so long ago that you used to vote him a bore, my dear. There are plenty of clergy. We must hope for one as good."

"But," cried Jill, "he can't go away. Who is to take our bag every Saturday? And the room is for him to preach in. Oh, how dreadful of him to go!"

"Lady Crane has the gift of the living, has she not?" said Miss Webb, addressing Mona.

"Yes, I believe so," said Mona listlessly. "Perhaps she may give it to Cecil Arnold. He is her nephew!"

A rich colour came into Mona's cheeks.

"Oh, no," she said confusedly. "Why should she? Besides, he would never leave his work in the north."

Miss Webb nodded her head knowingly.

"Wait and see, my dear; wait and see!"

It was a great blow to the children, and as soon as lessons were over the next morning Jack and Jill ran off to the Vicarage as hard as they could go.

Mrs. Errington received them; her husband was out.

"We don't know what to do," Jill said breathlessly. "If Mr. Errington goes away, we can't get on at all. Do beg him not to. Why does he go?"

"My dear child, we are both very loth to leave, but circumstances are against us. I have been told by the doctors that I shall never be better here. If we take this other living offered to us, I may be able to help Mr. Errington, instead of being a constant source of anxiety to him."

"It's the bag," Jill said; "it's the bag I am thinking of. I can't bring it to a strange clergyman. I hate strangers! It's too bad of you!"

Jill actually began to cry.

"You see," explained Jack, "some people laugh at us. Now Mr. Errington never did. He understood from the very beginning. Mona used to laugh, but she

doesn't now. Miss Webb always does. She told Jill she was a Mrs. Judas, for she kept the bag. Mona scolded her. And Sir Henry Talbot always teases us. He asks if we have taken up any more trespassers. They think themselves very funny, but we don't think them funny, we hate them when they talk so."

"I am sure no clergyman would laugh at you," said Mrs. Errington gently. "We will tell our successor all about you, and he will be only too glad to help you in every way that he can."

"But what will you tell him about us?" asked Jill, drying her eyes. "You won't tell him of our scrapes, will you? Say that we always mean to be good, it's just accidents happening when we aren't. And tell him he has just to take the money and use it for God, and ask no questions. Because, when the room is built, our money will still be going on. We shall never stop, you know. We're not like Sam's father. He says his cabbages are done, and he can't grow any more in the winter. But I know he has got some turnips, and I'm going to talk to him about them. Oh, I do wish you weren't going away!"

It was the general wish in the village, and there was great concern amongst all Mr. Errington's parishioners. His church was never so full as during the two months



"YOU'RE TRESPASSERS AND THIEVES!"

before his departure, and as Bumps pathetically remarked—

"There'll be no one like him in church ever again. There never are twos of anybody, except twins, and Mr. Errington isn't a twin."

CHAPTER XIV.—"YOU AND YOUR RED BAG ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL!"

MONA was looking out of the drawing-room window one fine bright frosty afternoon, when she saw Jill tearing

Jill's Red Bag

out of the stable-yard with the large carriage-whip in her hand.

Her face was almost as red as her flapping hat, and Mona exclaimed to Miss Webb—

"I wonder what is the matter! Jill is in one of her tempers. I hope she is not going to wreak vengeance on any human being."

"Oh, let her alone," said Miss Webb. "She must have an explosion now and then, for the way she bottles up her spirits now is marvellous. Miss Falkner seems to have no complaint to find with any of them. It is not natural."

Mona laughed lightly, but putting on a wrap she slipped out of the house, and crossed the lawn. Angry voices led her to the pinewood. There before the trespassers' board she found Jill brandishing her whip with fury in her face. Jack was by her side, armed with a stout stick; and Bumps, well in the rear, was picking up fir cones, and throwing them wildly at everybody.

Two workmen were the aggressors; the pile of stones was scattered on the ground, and they seemed to be enjoying the children's wrath.

"Who put those stones up?" Jill was screaming. "I did, and you're thieves to touch them!"

"But they came from that there wall," argued the younger of the men; "and us have orders to build it up. 'Twasn't business of yours to take them stones from the wall. Back they shall go, or my name isn't Jim Hall!"

"You dare to touch one!" shouted Jack. "Come on and try, we're ready for you!"

"You're trespassers and thieves!" cried Jill. "Come on! I have my whip ready!"

It was at this juncture Mona stepped up. Directly she appeared, Jill dashed forward.

"Look at these men, they've pulled down our stones! They did it on purpose! They saw the board and they laughed at it. They are cheeking us now."

"Hush!" said Mona. Then turning to the men she asked very quietly, "Are you working for me?"

The elder touched his cap.

"Yes, ma'am—leastways for Mr. Courtney."

"What did Mr. Courtney tell you to do?"

"To make good that there stone wall, ma'am."

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"Then why are you here?"

"We thought best to take what stones we could from here."

"That was quite unnecessary. You had better put together that pile that you have destroyed. I will wait here till you have done it."

But Jill objected.

"They shan't touch one of them with their dirty hands! I will do it myself. Oh, Mona, it's a shame of them! They deserve a good thrashing. If I were a man I would give it to them!"

Mona put her hand on Jill's shoulder.

"Gently, dear! I am sorry about it, but they did not understand. If you don't want them here they can return to their work!"

"I never wish to see them again," was the vehement retort. "I—I—feel like Elijah. I should like to call down fire from heaven to burn them up!"

Jill's passion was great. Mona wisely said nothing till the workmen had disappeared, then she remarked—

"When you have put your pile of stones straight, Jill, you can run and find Sam for me. I will tell him to make a little fence round this, and then you will have no more trespassers."

She walked away, for she judged rightly that work would soon subdue Jill's excitement. The idea of the fence delighted the children, and they set to work with a will.

"Nobody dared to touch Jacob's stones, I know," said Jill, who could not quite get over the act of sacrilege, as she considered it.

"Well," observed Jack, "the Bible mightn't tell about it, you see. He had no fence."

"I know it was always there," persisted Jill, "because Miss Falkner told me that Jacob went back there after, and made a proper altar."

"Yes," said Jack triumphantly; "because the other one had been knocked down. Of course he did."

Jill pondered, as she tried to build up the stones in a tidy form.

"Then," she said, "we must have a proper altar, and I'll get some of the mortar that those horrid men are using for their wall. We'll wait till they have gone to their tea, and then we'll do it."

A resolve once taken by Jill was generally carried out. The three children came in to their school-room tea triumphant.

Jill's Red Bag

"We've been building," announced Bumps, "and the thtones are all thtucked together!"

"And Sam is going to make a fence round, and no one will be let in!" added Jack.

"And if the clergyman that's coming isn't nice, I've thought of a lovely plan for our bag; but it's a secret, and I'll tell you, Miss Falkner, to-night when I'm in bed!"

Miss Falkner asked for an explanation of these fragmentary sentences, and her little pupils gradually enlightened her.

When Jill was in bed, she made her governess stoop down, and putting her arms round her neck, whispered—

"I've left a hole amongst the stones at the back, and I can cover it up by fixing in a loose stone. So I thought my red bag would go in beautifully, and then it would really be taken care of by God Himself. It couldn't be in a nicer place, could it? It would be like the ark in the tabernacle—in a holy place. And I'm not going to tell Bumps or Jack. Jack tells Bumps everything, and Bumps tells everybody else!"

Miss Falkner looked rather doubtful over the wisdom of this, but Jill seemed in such delight over the idea that she had not the heart to damp her spirits.

But, before leaving her, she said very gently—

"How has your walk been to-day, Jill? A few stumbles, I am afraid."

"Yes," whispered Jill. "I've told God I was sorry, only I was what the Bible calls 'righteously angry.' I would like to have called down fire from heaven upon those men. I told Mona so."

"But, Jill, that was not 'righteous' at all. The men made a mistake. You should have spoken gently to them."

"No," said Jill, "they meant to do it, and they laughed at it, and I believe Sam's father is as bad. Since his cabbages are gone, he won't pay up his tenth, and he says we have a heathen altar!"

Jill's cheeks began to get hot and red. Miss Falkner stooped down and kissed her.

"If your Bethel is going to make you get angry—if it makes you trip and stumble on your way to the Golden City, it had better be destroyed at once."

Jill looked up with big eyes.

"Oh, Miss Falkner! How can you?"

"You mustn't make an idol of it, Jill, or

you will be like the heathen. You grieve Jesus Christ by your hot temper. Perhaps you think more of your 'Bethel' than you do of Him!"

"I'm afraid I did to-day," acknowledged Jill with shame.

Then when her governess had left her, she put down her hot cheek upon the pillow, and murmured, "I'm afraid it wasn't 'righteous' anger after all."

The Christmas holidays came and went. Mona was much more with her little brothers and sisters in Miss Falkner's absence. Every morning she came into the school-room, and had the Bible-reading with them. They got into many scrapes in their leisure moments, but on the whole were far better behaved than formerly. In the beginning of the New Year the "Bethel Mission-room" was opened. Perhaps to the inhabitants of Chilton Common it lacked a little of the excitement and gaiety with which it had been painted by Jack and Jill; but it was a very enjoyable day to all, and a sit-down tea was given to young and old, at which, of course, Jill was very much to the fore.

Mr. Errington left very soon afterwards, and for two months his successor was not known.

Then one afternoon, when the children were roasting chestnuts over the school-room fire, and Miss Falkner was writing a letter to her mother, Mona appeared at the door.

"I want to introduce our new vicar," she said very quietly.

The children jumped up from the hearth-rug in the greatest state of excitement.

"Why!" exclaimed Jill, as a tall broad-shouldered figure followed their sister into the room, "it's the trespasser!"

"Yes, I am afraid it is," said Mr. Arnold in his deep and hearty voice. "But we parted friends, did we not?"

"I should think we did just! Why we would rather have you as our clergyman than any one else in the whole world!"

"Come! That's satisfactory. I did not think I would have so warm a welcome!"

"Do you like chestnuts?" asked Jack, holding out a charred one between two grubby fingers.

"Don't I?"

In a moment Mr. Arnold was down on the rug like a school-boy, and the children's tongues went fast. Jill broke in impetuously—

Jill's Red Bag

"Do you know about the Bethel Mission-room, Mr. Arnold? Will you go there on Sunday and preach to the people?"

He nodded.

"Yes, I have heard all about it from Mr. Errington, also about a certain red bag."

"Ah!" exclaimed Jack; "Jill has hidden that bag away somewhere since Mr. Errington went. I say it isn't fair, and Bumps and I aren't going to give her any more money till she tells us where it is."

"Yeth," echoed Bumps, "and we've looked everywhere, and Jill says, she won't give it to another clergyman unleth he is nith!"

"Am I nice?" asked Mr. Arnold, with one of his sudden smiles.

Jill looked at him gravely.

"I will bring it to you every Saturday," she said, "even if there's only a few half-pennies. But Sam gives us two shillings, and Annie threepence, and Norah and Rose give us some when we see them, so sometimes we have quite a lot. Only you'll tell us what you're going to do with it, won't you?"

"Indeed, I will. We will have a long talk about it."

"And how are all your boys and girls?" asked Jill.

Mr. Arnold's face shadowed instantly. He was looking ill and careworn; it was only in talking to the children that his face lightened up.

"Ah," he said; "my poor people! Don't remind me of them. Nothing but the doctor's orders would have made me leave them."

Then speaking to Miss Falkner, he said—

"I have been ill, otherwise you would not have seen me here. As it is, I fear I shall not find sufficient scope for my energies!"

"You have over a thousand in your parish," said Mona, "and Chilton Common and other outlying districts in addition. I should think there was scope enough for one man's energies, especially as that man has already had a serious breakdown. Now come and have some tea. Miss Webb will wonder what we are doing."

Mona carried him off, and the children did not see him again for some time.

"Miss Falkner," asked Jill one day, "why doesn't Miss Webb like Mr. Arnold? She doesn't, you know."

"Nonsense, Jill, you mustn't have such fancies."

"But it isn't fancy. I was looking at *Punch* in the drawing-room window seat yesterday, and Miss Webb said to Mona, 'Well, all I can say is, that I wish Cecil Arnold had rather gone to Timbuctoo than come here.' And Mona said, 'Nonsense!' like you said just now, and Miss Webb said, 'I see the end. I shouldn't have been afraid a year ago.' And then she said she was sorry for poor Sir Henry Talbot. Now what did she mean, Miss Falkner? What is the end going to be?"

"You shouldn't listen to grown-up people's talk, Jill."

"But I couldn't help hearing."

"Then you should never repeat what you hear."

Jill subsided.

Mr. Arnold delighted Jill's heart a few Sundays after his arrival by taking for his text the words: "Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord."

"But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

He spoke of the different things people received from God, and how very few of them they offered back, and then in plain and simple words he touched upon the system of tenth-giving.

"There is not a little boy or girl in this church, however poor; there is not a landed proprietor, however rich, who cannot side by side give this small portion of what they receive to the service of God. The poorest labourer can spare a tenth; he will be blessed in giving it, and joy will be his portion."

And then he astonished his congregation by saying he would be in his vestry every Saturday evening from six to eight, to accept the tenths of any of his parishioners who liked to bring them to him.

There was great discussion amongst his congregation afterwards.

"I have no patience with these new-fangled notions," said Miss Webb. "Cecil always did ride a hobby, and this money question is utterly ridiculous. We are not Jews, thank goodness!"

"I think he is right," said Mona quietly.

"Oh, of course you do, my dear. He will be able to twist you round his little finger now."

Mona was silent. Jill burst in opportunely—

"I shall take my red bag every Saturday to him, Mona. I wonder if anybody else will be there."

"You and your red bag are at the bottom of it all, I do believe, Jill!" said Miss Webb, laughing. "This wonderful Bethel of yours is turning every one crazy!"

Jill did not like to be laughed at. She walked on with dignity, and did not mention the subject again.

CHAPTER XV.—"WORN OUT IN A GOOD SERVICE"

LESSONS and play were the daily routine now. The children kept out of scrapes wonderfully. Perhaps it was Miss Falkner's quick interference before real harm was done, or perhaps it was, as she liked to hope, her pupils were getting more considerate of other people's feelings.

"It is their lively imagination, and their passion for acting out what they hear or read, that works such mischief," Miss Falkner said to Mona one day when they were talking over the children. "They are reckless of consequences. Future results are never taken into consideration."

She said this when she had just stopped Jack from lighting a fire in the loft.

He was a prisoner in hiding, he informed her, and he was going to cook himself a meal. Bumps had been foraging for him, and had brought him a raw piece of bacon.

"I was going to be most careful," he informed her. "Of course I wouldn't light the hay. I pushed it all away, and had got quite an empty corner!"

But one day the children's energies were turned in another direction. They were all devoted to Mr. Arnold, and as he lived alone with an old housekeeper who was really fond of children, they very often found their way over to the vicarage. Sometimes he invited them to tea with him, and it was when they returned one evening from this dissipation that they announced in the drawing-room—

"We are going to get Mr. Arnold a wife!"

Miss Webb exploded with laughter. She was reading the newspaper over the fire. Mona was consulting with Miss Falkner at a table near about a certain girls' club in the village that she wished to start. She turned with a look of horror at the speaker, who of course was Jill; Miss Falkner was too accustomed to her pupils' speeches to be surprised.

"Yes," put in Jack. "There ought to be a Mrs. Arnold, like Mrs. Errington; we told him so!"

"To make his tea," said Bumps breathlessly, "and knit his thocks!"

"And have a pretty drawing-room and flowers," said Jill. "He doesn't sit in the drawing-room like Mr. Errington did. He sits in his study, and there ought to be a Mrs. Arnold to help him in the village."

"And what are your vicar's opinions on this important subject?" asked Miss Webb.

"We've told him we'll get him one. We know more people than he does, and we know just the sort he wants. She must be just like Mrs. Errington, only not an invalid."

"And we aren't going to tell," said Jack wisely, "but we've picked out somebody."

"Yeth, and we're going to thend her to Mr. Arnold to-morrow!" burst forth Bumps excitedly.

Miss Webb threw up her hands in mock astonishment.

"Really! You don't mean it! And when is the wedding going to be?"

Mona here interposed.

"Jill, you are old enough to know better. You must not go to the vicarage at all, if you talk such nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense!" Jill said indignantly. "Mr. Arnold wants a wife, he said he did; and we're going to find one for him."

She rushed out of the room like a small whirlwind.

"Who is the happy lady, Jack?" asked Miss Webb inquisitively.

Jack was silent.

"Miss Falkner, you will have to assert your authority and stop this," said Mona, half laughing, yet half vexed.

"Let's tell, Jack," said Bumps, who loved giving information.

But Jack shook his head.

"We didn't even tell Mr. Arnold; we said we would send him some one to-morrow."

"And have you told her her fate?" asked Miss Webb.

"Jill is going to see Miss Grant in the morning," said Jack with dignity, and not perceiving he had let the cat out of the bag.

Miss Webb began to laugh afresh, and even Mona smiled. Miss Grant was a lady between fifty and sixty who was an indefatigable parish worker, but whose strong will and love of interference had always been a sore trial to her vicar.

Jill's Red Bag

"You think she'll make him a good wife?" Miss Webb said, trying to draw the children out.

"She's just the sort to make tea," said Jack, "and she'll be much more help to him than Mrs. Errington would be, or any one else."

"I think you will have to keep certain small people hard at lessons to-morrow, Miss Falkner. This proposed visit must be nipped in the bud."

Miss Falkner took her charges off to the school-room, and presently Jill appeared.

She seemed to have forgotten the subject under discussion, for she was full of a plan she had talked over with Mr. Arnold of supporting a children's cot in the local hospital.

"And my bag will begin it, like it did the Bethel Room. Don't you think it lovely?"

Just before the children went to bed, Miss Falkner picked up an old copy-book on the floor of Jill's bedroom. She did not often look at her scribbles, but the first words startled her:

"DEAR MISS GRANT,"—

She read on, with an anxious face, yet with a keen sense of humour—

"We've been having tea with Mr. Arnold. We think you had better be his wife. He has not anybody to do things like Mrs. Errington did, and we told him we would find a wife for him. We said we would send her to-morrow. He wants a wife, and so he will expect you. Please tell him you came from us. And have your wedding-day very soon, because we shall all come and see you married. Mr. Arnold told us we could do this, so it is not wrong."

"Your affectionate friend,

"JILL BARON.

"P.S.—Jack and Bumps and I chose you, and we know Mr. Arnold will be pleased."

"Jill," said Miss Falkner sharply, "what is this?"

"Oh," said Jill unconcernedly, "it's a copy of a letter I sent Miss Grant. I wanted to do it neatly, so I wrote it in there first."

"But you have never sent it?"

"Yes, I did. Annie was going out, and she took it to the post."

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"But, Jill, that was very naughty."

"Why?"

"You know why. Your sister was very vexed at your talking about such things. I don't know what she will say now. You must come and tell her what you have done."

"Oh, I can't; please don't make me—Miss Webb will laugh. It isn't naughty. We simply love Mr. Arnold. And why shouldn't he have a wife as well as Mr. Errington? He didn't mind us doing it."

"He never told you to write to Miss Grant."

"No, because it was only afterwards that we thought of her."

Miss Falkner, in spite of her entreaties, took her straight to Mona, who was in her bedroom dressing for dinner.

"I have brought Jill to tell you what she has done, as I think you ought to know."

And then Miss Falkner left the little delinquent, who stood copy-book in hand with hanging head before her eldest sister.

"It's—it's a letter I've sent to Miss Grant," said Jill.

Mona took the copy-book from her.

"Oh, Jill!" she exclaimed in real distress.

"This is really very naughty of you. You may make a great deal of mischief, and annoy Miss Grant extremely. I don't know how we can put it straight."

"I don't see what I've done wrong," said Jill stubbornly.

"Little girls have no business to interfere with grown-up people. I don't know what Miss Grant will think; I must see Miss Falkner. Ask her to come here, and you had better go straight to bed."

"It's always the way," Jill confided to Bumps when they were both in bed that evening; "everything I do turns out wrong. Children can't be kind to grown-up people. It's no good to try. They won't let them. And Mr. Arnold will never have a wife, if he doesn't have Miss Grant. There's no one else like her."

"But you sent her a letter," said Bumps comfortingly.

"Yes, but Mona is going to do something dreadful to-morrow. I know she is."

As a matter of fact Mona did nothing. She felt powerless to act. Miss Webb counselled silence. She seemed to be enjoying the whole thing; Miss Falkner spent nearly an hour in bringing Jill to reason, but she repented of some of her

words when they happened to meet Mr. Arnold in their morning walk. Jill flew to him at once.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I really did it for the best. I told Miss Grant to go to you, but Miss Falkner says I oughtn't to have anything to do with husbands and wives. She says Miss Grant will be made uncomfortable and so will you; and I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for worlds!"

Mr. Arnold looked at first as if he did not know what she was talking about; then he began to laugh, and his laugh was so infectious that Miss Falkner could not help joining him.

Jill eagerly continued to explain—

"Hasn't she been to you? Then perhaps it is all right. I'll never try to find a wife for you again. Miss Falkner says wives can't be found like we thought, and she says God is the only one that can find one for you."

Mr. Arnold looked perfectly coolly into Miss Falkner's face.

"Thank you," he said. "I believe in that too. My little friends were too anxious on my behalf. And as to Miss Grant, I wish her a more suitable partner than myself, Jill. Is your sister in? I want to ask her about a parish matter."

He left them, and crossed the pine wood to reach the house, but he never got there, for he saw Mona leaning against the new wooden fence looking with dreamy, wistful eyes at the children's "Bethel," and he went straight to her.



"I COME HERE WHEN LIFE IS DIFFICULT"

The scent of the pines, the pale blue sky behind them, and the quiet sacredness of the spot rested and soothed Mona's soul. She turned at the sound of his footsteps, but never changed her position; when he looked into her face he found her eyes were full of tears.

"I come here when life is difficult," she said, trying to speak lightly. "I have been thinking over Christ's words, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the

Jill's Red Bag

kingdom of God.' I long sometimes to ease myself of the burden and responsibility of my money, by casting it to the winds. Can you advise me? I want to be a faithful steward. What shall I do?"

Cecil Arnold's opportunity had come.

It was some days before the children knew the result of that interview. They were all three tidying up their "Bethel," which Miss Webb said now reminded her of a small churchyard, when they saw their sister and Mr. Arnold slowly approach them.

They were close to the fence before they noticed the children, then Mona started, a rich colour came into her cheeks, and she tried to withdraw her hand from Mr. Arnold's arm. He held it fast, and said to her with a twinkle in his eye—

"Allow me to receive my congratulations. I must enlighten them."

"Two trespassers again, Jill!" he called out. "May we come inside your gate?"

"Yes," said Jill, stopping in her feat of brushing dead leaves away; "you and Mona aren't trespassers, for you belong to our Tenth Society, and you don't laugh at our 'Bethel.'"

"Laugh at it?" said Mona tremulously. "I shall bless it all my days!"

Then Mr. Arnold spoke, and his voice was hushed and reverent, though there was a glad light in his eye.

"I thought you children would like to know whom God has graciously given to me as a wife."

"Why, it's Mona!"

Surprise and delight were in the children's faces.

Jill exclaimed—

"I never should have thought of Mona. She doesn't seem like a clergyman's wife, but it's awfully nice."

"Why don't I please you?" Mona asked. "Not good enough, I know."

"Well, I think you're too smiling and— and too young."

Mr. Arnold laughed.

"And I am too old and grave. But, Jill, as a boy and girl we promised to marry each other, so we are only keeping our promise."

"Why have you been so long before you did it?" asked Jill with interest.

That question remained unanswered.

Jack and Jill were full of excitement and curiosity. Bumps was the only one who seemed disappointed.

"We can't never find a wife for him

now, he hath found hithelf one!" she lamented.

She and Jill were standing by their lodge gate the next day when they saw Miss Grant coming along. For one moment Jill thought of flight, then she bravely stood her ground. They had been bowling their hoops along, and were a little breathless with their run. Miss Grant looked at them severely, then came across the road to them.

"Jill," she said, "what do you mean by writing me such a letter? Who told you to do it? I am surprised that a little girl of your age should act so forwardly!"

Jill got crimson at once.

"It was all a mistake, please," she said, "and I'm sorry you got it. We were trying hard to find Mr. Arnold a wife."

"Who put you up to it?" demanded Miss Grant. "I consider it a grave insult, and I was thinking of seeing your sister about the matter. She and your governess don't know how to keep you in order."

"No one put me up to it," replied Jill eagerly. "I made a mistake, and it's a good thing you didn't go to him. Please forget it."

"Yeth," put in Bumps with an emphatic nod of the head, "he didn't want you after all, becauth he has got Mona."

Miss Grant beat a hasty retreat. She never mentioned the subject again.

On the following Saturday Jill went to the vestry to hand in her bag. She had not been the only one who had responded to the vicar's invitation, for several of the villagers had appeared, and though their offerings were small, they were willing ones. She stood waiting whilst the village shopkeeper and a farmer's wife were taking their tenths out of their well-worn purses. Then a voice behind her startled her. It was Sam's father.

"Eh, Miss Jill, here I be after you and your bag agen!"

"Oh, Mr. Stone, what have you got? I'm so glad you haven't given up!"

"I did have a mind to, as 'ee knows, but parson here do seem so set on it that I've been lookin' through some savin's o' mine."

Mr. Arnold said good-night to the two women, and turned to the old man.

"Are you bringing your money to me, Stone?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, sir, that I be—'ee do talk so convinceable that I be quite worried till I have done it."

Jill's Red Bag

"You must take it back again. I am only here to take my Master's money."

Old Mr. Stone rubbed his head.

"I see yer meanin'. In course I bring it to the A'mighty. 'Twas a mere mistake in speech."

The old man counted out of a canvas bag, to the astonishment of Jill and his vicar, five pounds in silver.

He moved a step nearer and spoke in a low, mysterious tone—

"Fifty pun have I laid by for death and burial, and the rest to Sam, but never a penny have I laid by for the God that brought me into the world, and that be soon going to take me out. The little lass hammered away till I gave her my cabbages, then I said 'No more, for I kep' thinkin' o' these savin's, that no mortal body do know on. But, parson, your words be hot and uncomfortable, and las' night I lay thinkin' o' this here vestry an' Miss Jill's red bag. 'Twasn't the sermon, nor yet the bag, nor you and Miss Jill put together, but 'twas God that spoked to me in the night."

"'I have loved 'ee,' He kep' sayin', 'I have loved 'ee, Tummas, I have loved 'ee.' An' then came that there tex 'ee preached on last Sunday, 'Lovest thou Me?' and I were fair broken down. I knowed what the Lord did want. The tenth o' my savin's! And, bless God, I knows He loves me, and 'tis that has brought me!"

"Thank God," breathed Mr. Arnold, stretching out his hand and taking Thomas Stone's hard, horny one in his. "I take this gladly, and thank you in my Master's name."

When the old man had gone Jill drew

near. She held out her bag a little sorrowfully—

"It has only three shillings and a half-penny in it," she said; "and two shillings is from Sam, and three pence from Annie. I'm afraid our money is very, very little."

"Never mind," said Mr. Arnold cheerfully, seeing her downcast face; "God does not expect more from you at present."

Jill sighed.

"And my bag is wearing out," she said mournfully, "and Miss Falkner has no more red flannel; she thinks a bag can be made of anything, but I like my old one. It has great holes, and as fast as I mend them they tear out again."

"Poor little bag!" said Mr. Arnold, taking it in his hand. "It is worn out in a good service. Will you let me have it, Jill? I should like to hang it up in the vestry here, so that I can look at it sometimes. What is this tape on it? Something written on it."

"I did that," said Jill, her face in a glow of delight at Mr. Arnold's words.

He read out slowly—

"Of Thine own have we given Thee."

The letters were crooked and uneven. He smiled at Jill, then hung the little bag up on a nail.

She looked at it proudly. All sorrow for its uselessness had gone.

"It looks lovely up there!" she said.

"And I don't mind now having a new one."

"But don't have a new motto, Jill. Keep that to the end of your life—'Of Thine own have we given Thee.'"

Jill nodded, and then she ran away home.

THE END



School-girl Life in Switzerland

BY MISS M. BUTTS

THE sun has just climbed above the jagged rocks of one of the Alpine summits; his first beams irradiate the hills which rise behind the town of Lausanne, and cast a pale rosy light over the spires of the cathedral. A dreamy lilac haze clothes even the narrowest and dingiest streets with a mysterious beauty. The snow-covered mountains are glowing; the

twenty, whose firm, elastic step seems to say: I am on duty bent, I know what I am about. Many of these elder girls are evidently not Swiss. As they pass us, we recognise the familiar English accent, the peculiar guttural sounds of German, Dutch or Danish, the musical cadences of Russian and Italian.

Here we are before the school, a large,

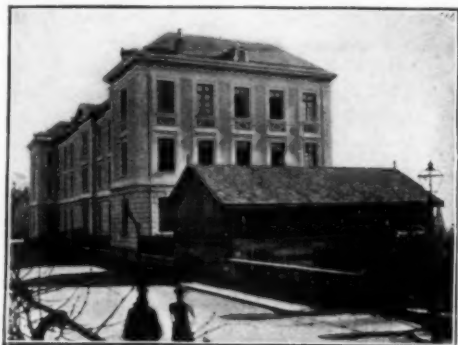


VIEW FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE ÉCOLE VINET, LAUSANNE

great Lake Lemman at their feet has its soft, grey morning tints. The eight o'clock bell is sounding, and the footsteps of hundreds of workmen, professors, students and school-children, all thronging to their work, ring in the frosty morning air, awakening the echoes of the peaceful old town. Shall we follow this group of merry lassies and take a peep at a Swiss school? See, they are turning into a broad, modern-looking street, which is full of girls, hurrying to be in time. Girls of all ages: bonnie wee maidens of nine; awkward damsels of fourteen; young women of nineteen or

new building, plain but solid and comfortable-looking. On a marble slab over the door, we read the name "École Vinet," of which teachers and pupils are proud. For it was owing to the exertions of the great Christian moralist and literary critic, Alexander Vinet, that in 1839 the "École supérieure de jeunes filles" was founded. Sixty-three years is a great age for a girls' high school. At first the École supérieure only had fifty pupils; that number has increased to three hundred and fifty. In 1898 these new premises were opened, the old ones having become too small. Now

School-girl Life in Switzerland



ÉCOLE VINET: SOUTH SIDE OF HOUSE AND
OLD PLAYGROUND

you understand the dates 1839—1898, which you see high up on the wall.

Let us go in with the pupils. We find ourselves in a long, wide passage, airy and light, very simple but cheerful, and so delightfully warm that we feel as though one step had brought us out of winter into summer; this uniform, gentle heat is really just like a pleasant summer morning. While the girls run off to the dressing-rooms to prepare for work, we will ask the Lady-Principal for permission to visit the school. The pleasant-faced *concierge* comes forward and ushers us into Mademoiselle Godet's presence. A pale, rather worn face, deep, searching blue eyes, a sunny smile, a brisk, breezy manner,—this is the *directrice*. She is the daughter of the late Dr. F. Godet of Neuchâtel, the well-known theologian and Biblical commentator.

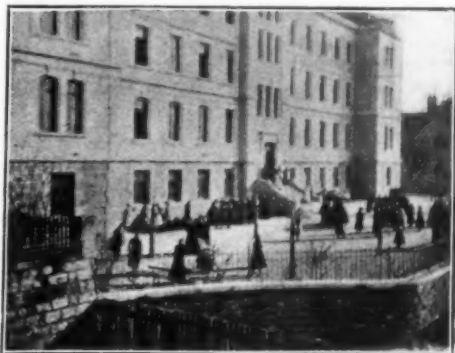
Mademoiselle Godet informs us that, as to-day is Monday, prayers will be held in the Science lecture-room; on other days they are conducted by each class-governess. An electric bell, which has been sounding for some time, now ceases, and we follow the *directrice* to the science-room, where the girls are already assembled, and where we see rows of bright faces, rising tier above tier. A few verses of the Bible are read and explained in a simple, informal way; a hymn follows, and the strains of a grand old tune, sung by so many fresh young voices, make us wish we were school-girls once more, beginning a week's work, so free from care, so blithe.

Prayers are over, governesses and pupils disperse to their respective class-rooms, and we begin our voyage of discovery. First, we inspect the basement floor, study the intricacies of the great furnace which

diffuses heat throughout the building, visit the large, beautifully-fitted-up gymnasium, a bedroom—which puzzles us! until we learn that a few of the elder scholars are there initiated in the mysteries of the sick-room—and the kitchen, where we are received by the cooking-master, a dapper little man in *chef's* costume, who instructs twelve girls at a time in the art of making good, economical dinners.

Before returning to the first floor we will look round the playground. It is a large gravelled space, planted with trees, and oh! what a view! Lucky girls, I wonder whether they appreciate it as they ought? Lower down is a large grass-plot for games, and two rows of square patches, rather unattractive-looking in their winter garb, represent the precious "gardens" of the babies of the schools, little maidens of nine or ten. A kitchen-garden is carefully tended by the youthful gardeners and, even at this season, contains some respectable vegetables. After each lesson of fifty minutes (for the lower class these fifty minutes are generally divided between two lessons, one being drawing, singing or calisthenics, and the other some branch that demands closer application) all the girls run out into the playground for ten minutes, and either work in their gardens, play about, or walk up and down, chatting as busily and laughing as merrily as do English school-girls. Then, refreshed and wakened up, they resume their studies.

On the first floor we find a botany lesson going on in the science-room. The professor is discoursing in an animated manner to about thirty girls of fourteen: he is just about to show them some microscopic preparations. We visit the laboratories of



NORTH SIDE OF HOUSE AND STREET

School-girl Life in Switzerland

Physics and Chemistry, see the library and the professor's waiting-room *en passant*, then enter one of the class-rooms. How large and bright it is, with a number of windows all facing south! The desks are of light brown wood, and the seats fixed to them are adapted to the students' height. Only two girls sit on each form. This, we are told, is the most modern, hygienic school-furniture. The pupils are listening to a lecture on French literature, busily taking notes meanwhile.

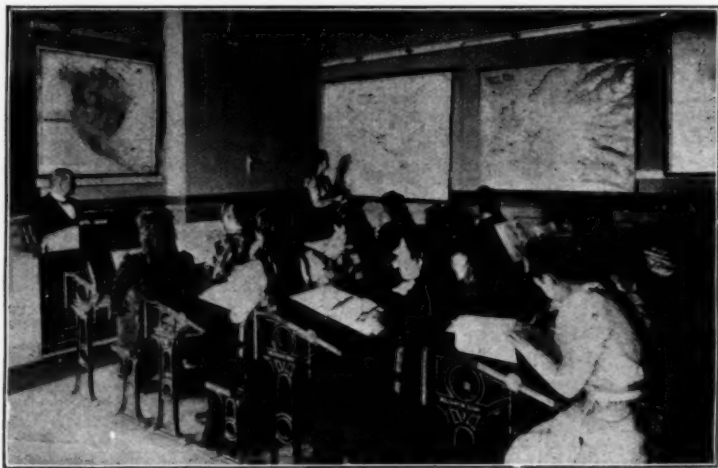
But we must not linger, there is still so much to be seen. On the second floor we just glance into the several class-rooms and dressing-rooms, on the way to the *salle des étrangères*. When the door is opened we are dazzled by the brilliant sunshine which is pouring in through the eastern windows. Some of the blinds are actually down! What would dwellers in foggy London think of having to shut out the January sunshine before 9 A.M.? About a dozen little girls, English, American and German, are studying French. They are evidently beginners; a large coloured picture is before them, the teacher points out the objects on it and writes their names on the blackboard. Then sentences are formed with these words by the pupils, in answer to questions put to them in French. It looks most interesting work. We are told that for all lessons except French these children join their Swiss school-fellows.

Already nine o'clock? Yes, indeed; the bell is sounding, doors open, in a moment the corridors are thronged with girls, and presently shouts arising from the playground tell us they are enjoying their recreation.

The head-mistress has to leave us now, and hands us over to a little American girl, who is directed to show us over the third floor, which she does with befitting gravity and dignity, and with evident pleasure and pride. While we are admiring the drawing-

class, a regular studio, with its neat easels and low wooden chairs, its plaster-of-Paris casts and rows of portfolios, our little guide tells us about her life at Lausanne. She boards in the house of a Swiss professor, where she is very happy, she says. There are four other boarders—two German girls, one French, and one Swedish. The daughters of the professor help them with their home-lessons, take them for walks, and read French story-books aloud to them in the evening while they work. Not a word of any language but French is spoken in the house.

The bell announcing the end of the ten minutes' play interrupts our little friend's confidences. We had just reached the



A GEOGRAPHY LESSON

"cutting-out room," where all the children, even the youngest, are taught to cut out the garments they make at their needlework lessons. How pretty it must be to see little maidens of nine handling the large scissors! Unfortunately this comes off in the afternoon, so we must content ourselves with listening to the aforesaid maidens of nine, as they sing bright little songs, in their own bright class-room, whose walls are covered with maps, pictures and photographs. Their faces are as cheerful as the room and the songs.

And now we feel we dare not trespass any longer upon the forbearance of the teachers, whom we are disturbing, and, regretfully, we descend the broad staircase, admiring as we do so the magnificent view of lake and mountains which one has from

School-girl Life in Switzerland

the windows. Here we are at the entrance-door. But we must see Mademoiselle Godet to thank her for her kindness in allowing us to visit the school. She invites us into her room and offers to answer any questions we may like to put. This is too tempting to be resisted. We inquire what the lesson-hours are.—Eight to twelve; but the lessons in drawing, needlework, Latin, the practical pedagogy course (which teaches pupils how to impart the knowledge they have gained), and a few special lessons, among them being English literature for English-speaking girls, are given in the afternoon. What are the branches taught to the elder girls?—Scripture, Church history, universal his-

difficult for any woman interested in education to tear herself away. In the course of our further conversation, we gather incidentally many details about the École Vinet, evidently a school which is in the van of the forward movement. It was the first in this part of the world to abolish prizes and quarterly examinations, those unhealthy incentives to work. When it had once been proved that the pupils worked just as well without them, all the other large schools in Lausanne followed this excellent example. Such a thing as a "head-girl," or a girl who is "last" of her class, is unknown here, pupils never being placed in order of merit. Then are there no examinations at all at the École

Vinet? we ask.—

Only those for the obtaining of diplomas, teachers' certificates and French certificates. Of course the students revise their work every two or three months, whenever their professors wish it; they then write a paper on a given subject. But there is no competitive element in these *répétitions*, no official time for them, no fuss, no excitement.



IN THE ART CLASS-ROOM

tory, French, English and German with their literatures, pedagogy, Greek and Latin literature, mythology, logic, mathematics, hygiene, chemistry, physics, astronomy, physiology, botany, etc. This seems rather a formidable array of sciences, and we inquire whether the children are not kept terribly hard at work. But when we hear that the girls over sixteen are allowed to select those courses which more especially attract them, only a few being compulsory, and when we are further informed that as little home-work as possible is given, we feel reassured. Moreover, we must admit that the students are rosy, active, wide-awake-looking girls, who do not in the least give one the impression of being overworked or tired.

Once in Mademoiselle Godet's room it is

We should like to know at what age the girls leave school.—They are supposed to have finished the regular curriculum at eighteen, but most of them continue to come to school for certain lessons during some years still. In fact, besides the regular pupils, a good many married ladies attend the advanced courses of lectures which are given every winter on such subjects as contemporary European literature, the politics of the day, the latest scientific discoveries, common law, the history of art, the history of ancient civilisations, woman's mission in society, etc.

One more question, it shall be our last! What pleasures do the girls have?—They are frequently taken to visit museums, factories of all sorts, places of historical interest within reach of Lausanne. Botanical

School-girl Life in Switzerland

and geographical excursions are organised in summer. The scholars give a musical evening in spring; and the breaking-up festival in summer is a very pretty one, though simple. The great day of the year, however, is that of the school-excursion, when Lady-Principal and members of the committee, governesses and professors, big girls and little girls, lay aside all cares,

all work, all reserve, and spend a long, happy day together in the mountains.

But we are detaining Mademoiselle Godet. As we glance at the pile of papers and letters on her desk, we wonder at her great patience in dealing with such troublesome visitors, and we reluctantly take leave of the École Vinet and its Head-mistress.

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris, with other Characters in *Adam Bede*

BY WILLIAM MOTTRAM (A GRAND-NEPHEW OF THE BEDES)

Illustrated with Photographs by Allan P. Mottram

IX.—Dinah Morris—Life and Work in Nottingham

"Saints lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street;
And stairs, to sin and famine known,
Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns."

Adapted from LOWELL.

CAN there be a more interesting study than the development of a young Christian soul under the highest and holiest influences? In tracing the real story of Dinah Morris, this is the theme which invites contemplation, and it runs along lines of close association with the ministry and worship of Halifax Place Chapel, Nottingham.

In 1797 the Wesleyans in that town were limited to the poor accommodation of Beck Barn. A site for a new sanctuary was procured in 1798, and Halifax Place Chapel was forthwith erected. At this juncture, a truly great minister came upon the scene, one of the faithful and mighty itinerants whom Wesley sent into the ministry. These were men of great spiritual power, dauntless courage, stern self-denial and consecrated devotion. Their faith and zeal were unbounded and their labours strenuous and untiring. They suffered severe hardships and endured revolting cruelties, but, in spite of all these things, they went from conquering to conquer. One of the mightiest of them all was William Bramwell, the superintendent minister in Nottingham from

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1798 to 1801. His course there was one continuous triumph. He found distraction and controversy, with which he resolved not to meddle. His mission was to preach spiritual truths, win souls, train godly workers, and lead the Christian flock into the sure attainment of holy character. So well did he succeed, that after a period of sore spiritual anguish and eager wrestlings, all things were changed. His helpers were loyal fellow-workers and his triumph was complete. It was said of him, "There was no pause in his labours. Early and late he was at work; almost every moment he was found practising some part of his duties, whether obligatory or self-imposed: now fasting, watching, meditating, praying in private; then visiting, exhorting, comforting in families; and again pleading or preaching in public." During his last year in Nottingham there was terrible social disorder and abounding public distress. That he might give the more help to the starving people he rigorously reduced the supplies of himself and his household to the lowest possible limit, even to a degree which involved some danger to health, but philanthropy was his master passion. Happily, we of this generation can scarcely realise the hard necessities of those distressful times. Good, sound wheat can now be purchased at thirty shillings per quarter—in those days it was rarely less than four pounds per quarter, and occasionally reached the famine price of seven or even eight pounds. Wages at best

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

were low and semi-starvation prevailed. In spite of all obstacles, the loss of three hundred members by the prevailing secession had been balanced by new gains in the first year of Mr. Bramwell's pastorate; in the second the new accessions were still more numerous, and at the end of his term there was a reinforcement of over one thousand souls. The ministry of this devoted man had great charm for Dinah Morris, and helped to form the character she afterwards bore. She repeatedly mentions him in her chapter of autobiography, and in her first reference styles him, "that man of God, Mr. Bramwell." His prayers, his preaching and his life were an abiding influence to the end of her days.

We must now turn to her memoirs to mark the several stages of her spiritual development, and a few brief extracts will show her decision of character, growth in experience, and her introduction to private Christian work and public ministry. The first of these relates to her union with the Methodist Church. Prior to the Easter Tuesday of 1797, we find her lamenting her lack of acquaintance with the Methodist people, but after the experiences of that night, she speedily remedied this inconvenience.

"Our dear friends omitted inviting me to a class, which might have proved hurtful if the Lord had not blessed me with courage, for I knew not one Methodist in the town; but I asked a young woman if she knew where any Methodists lived; she said her father was one. I went and spoke to him concerning the society, he invited me to go with him to the class, I went without any hesitation, and felt it both my privilege and my duty."

Here we perceive marked decision of character in circumstances none too favourable. If lonesome young inquirers would overcome natural shyness as she did, it would facilitate their spiritual growth and usefulness, as it did hers. The position she now assumed was that of the unwaver-

ing disciple. Every forward step gives evidence of this fact. Her days of weeping for lack of opportunities were over, her days of consecration had come. She writes:

"I had entirely done with the pleasures of the world and with all my old companions. I saw it my duty to leave off all my superfluities in dress; hence, I pulled off all my bunches, cut off my curls, left off all my lace, and in this I found an unspeakable pleasure. I saw I could make a better use of my time and money than to follow the fashions of a vain world."

The course she now followed with regard to her dress was one which, doubtless, for a young woman of twenty-one, would be considered extreme. The lace-menders of Nottingham are a smart, well-dressed and respectable body of female artisans, and it was to this class she belonged. I am not sure that the temptations to display in the matter of dress were not more potent a hundred years ago than they are to-day. I have distinct recollection of ball and wedding dresses exhibited to my admiring eyes when I was very young. These pertained to the times of Dinah Morris, and were worn by women who were her relations and mine, but if such styles, colours and patterns were

worn now, we should vote them loud and gaudy. It seems to me that there has been distinct improvement in styles, patterns, colours and fabrics, but Dinah Morris, after her decided manner, settled her fashions for herself, once for all. She adopted the Quakeress attire, which is by no means inartistic. Her public garb consisted of a black dress, a white shawl, a neat muslin cap, and a lofty coal-scuttle bonnet. Her modes never changed, and some choice relics of her clothing are cherished by her descendants to this day. I well remember some other Methodist women who wore the Quaker habit as a protest against the vanities of the time. Dinah Morris took this position as to dress to mark her



REV. W. BRAMWELL

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

surrender of that worldly living in which for awhile she had vainly striven to find happiness.

She now formed regular habits of piety. Seasons of secret prayer became a daily rapture. The Scriptures were her special delight. "Oh, the precious seasons I experienced in these exercises!" She finds it still inspiring, after many years, to dwell in thought upon those early experiences. In this age of whirl and hurry there is special danger lest secret meditation and prayer should be crowded out of our lives, and devotional reading of the Scriptures be grievously neglected. After the arrival of Mr. Bramwell in Nottingham, her mind became exercised about other matters. One peculiarity of his teaching was, that in consequence of its spiritual bond of union with the risen and glorified Redeemer, the believing soul may be so filled with the Holy Spirit as to be raised into moral purity, and may be so sublimated in motive as to cherish no feeling in the heart contrary to the love of God. This attainment was set forth under the terms sanctification and perfect love. Mr.

Bramwell insisted that all Christians should press onward to attain to this higher life. It appears that Dinah Morris had prolonged mental anguish concerning the attainment of holiness, and at last this conclusion is reached:

"After many struggles, thousands of tears and much prayer with fastings, I did enter into glorious liberty. I could truly say, 'I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' Oh, the blessed deadness to the world and everything in the world and the creature I cannot describe. I began to act a little in prayer-meetings, to visit the sick, and to do anything the Lord set me about."

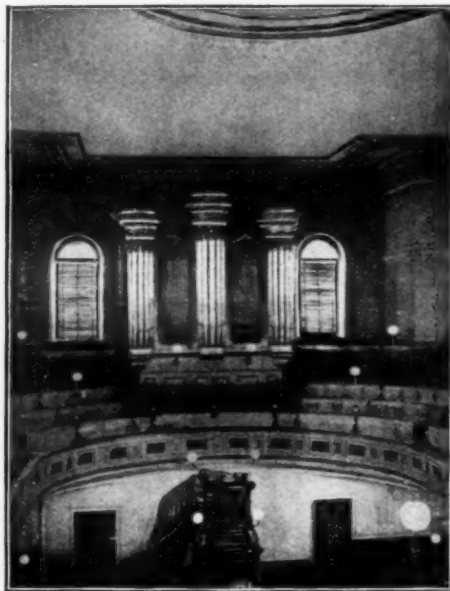
The visitation of the sick in those days entailed serious risks in Nottingham, be-

cause, for lack of sanitation, fearful epidemics prevailed. The scourge of typhus fever, now almost unknown, was then a dreadful visitant. Dinah Morris caught the infection through ministering to a stricken family and was very ill with the fever. In her ardour of spiritual enthusiasm she scorned to send for a doctor. "I thought when Christ was applied unto in the days of His flesh by any one, for anything, either for body or soul, He did for them whatever they had need of; and, while I was looking to Him and exercising my faith upon Him,

I most powerfully felt these words applied to my mind: 'And He came and took her by the hand and lifted her up, and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them.' I felt in the twinkling of an eye that the fever was gone, all my pain had ceased, and I was quite restored to health. Glory be to God." In a state of convalescence she at once made a journey to Derby, and there engaged in various exercises—such as delivering exhortations in prayer-meetings and leading society classes. Never did she doubt that the unseen power of the

invisible God healed her of the fever, and the incident was one of the means which led her to engage in public exercises. Her revered pastor, Mr. Bramwell, always encouraged female evangelism. On several occasions he invited women helpers to share with him the work of winning souls and promoting revivals.¹ One day, when preaching in Halifax Place Chapel, he said: "Why are there not more women preachers? Because they are not faithful to their call." Here was a new view of possible duty, which, in the case of Dinah

¹ In this way he brought Miss Barrett, who afterwards became Mrs. Zechariah Taft, to assist him in Nottingham.



INTERIOR VIEW OF HALIFAX PLACE CHAPEL,
NOTTINGHAM

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris



COUNTY HALL AND ASSIZE COURTS, NOTTINGHAM

Morris, led to the most intense exercises of mind. "The love of God was as a fire shut up in my bones, and the thoughts of the blessed work of bringing souls to Christ drank up my spirits, so that I knew not how to live!" The visit to Derby was an occasion of public exercises in prayer-meetings, but another startling event followed, which precipitated her further career in witnessing for Christ. At the Lent assizes in Nottingham in the year 1802, Sir Richard Graham condemned eleven persons to capital punishment. The law and its administration were then most barbarous. These culprits were not all sentenced for murder, because crimes against property were then punishable by death.

One poor boy of ten years old, not in Nottingham however, stole a silk handkerchief valued at four shillings, and was hung for the offence. A man in London had been arrested by His Majesty's press-gang, and carried off to the war, leaving his wife and three children uncared for, and in a state of starvation. Passing by a draper's shop in Ludgate Hill, the poor woman seized a roll of coarse calico-cloth valued at seven shillings and sixpence. She did not succeed in carrying it away from the premises, nevertheless she was promptly arrested, flung into prison,

tried for her life, condemned and hung! She was drawn in a cart to the place of execution with her baby at her breast. Originally, the law enjoined the punishment of death for any theft of property of whatsoever value. In 1802 the stolen goods must be of the minimum value of half-a-crown. The Lord Stanhope of those days brought a Bill into the House of Lords proposing to raise the minimum to five shillings, but another peer, Lord Wynford, resisted it successfully as a revolutionary measure, declaring that if it should pass into law the people of England would no longer be able to sleep in their beds and nobody's property would be safe. Many years passed before these cruel laws were amended.

There was, however, at this Nottingham assize, one case of child murder. The perpetrator was Mary Voce, a girl of only nineteen years, although married to a bricklayer and the mother of two children. In the Nottingham public journals of the day it was said that she was given to irregularities of life which led her husband to forsake her, and, being left with two young children, she administered poison to the younger of the two, was arraigned before judge and jury, and sentenced to be hung. Her case excited much compassion. She was impassive and obdurate at her trial, but she was so forsaken and helpless, that, in spite of her sin, her forlorn condition moved the hearts of the Methodist people of the Halifax Place



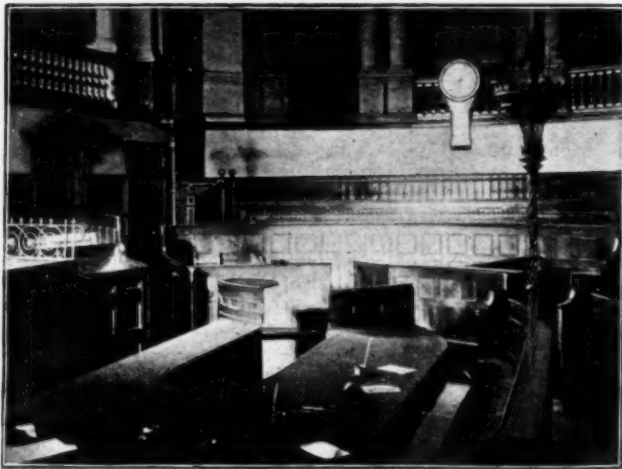
GRAND JURY ROOM, ASSIZE COURTS, NOTTINGHAM

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

Chapel, so that they consulted with each other as to what could be done to save her soul. It is at least a relief to know, that in those relentless times, when the hangman was so busy, not only Methodist Christians, but others also, were accustomed to concern themselves deeply for the spiritual welfare of condemned persons prior to their execution. In this case, action had to be very alert, for Mary Voce was convicted on a Friday evening and sentenced to be hung on the following Monday morning. In those days vengeance was not only stern, but swift also. By the detention of the judge in the town beyond the usual time, the convict obtained a respite of twenty-four hours' duration—a period most precious to her and momentous in the history of Dinah Morris. It would seem that, on the Saturday, the day after sentence, the prison authorities were approached, and permission obtained for two women of the Methodist flock to have free access to Mary Voce, and to stay with her in the condemned cell day and night till the hour of her execution.

One of the two selected for this mission was Dinah Morris. She and her companion made the best possible use of the brief time which was available, and spent practically the whole of it with the young, wayward soul. It would appear from a collation of two or three independent narratives, that both Sunday and Monday nights and the day intervening were spent in the prison. There was a period of deep mournfulness and spiritual agony before light broke on the gloom. Dinah Morris, with her tender, sympathetic spirit, seems to have felt the most exquisite anguish during the first night. In spite of all that these gracious sisters of the lost soul could do, she seems to have remained callous for many hours. How they would exhort, and instruct, and sing and pray, we can readily imagine. It was not, however, till the beginning of the second night's watch that relenting came. Some of the Methodists outside the gaol felt as deeply for the

spiritual welfare of Mary Voce as the two who were inside. One John Clark was so thoroughly agonised in spirit, that he vowed neither to eat food nor to sleep until he had obtained assurance in prayer that this poor woman would be saved. Such assurance was, as he believed, vouchsafed to him about two o'clock of the Monday morning, and in the evening of the same day he made a visit to the prison to join in the exercises there. Mr. Taft also—I presume the Mr. Taft we have heard of before—came on the like errand. There was hope now, for relenting had already begun, a full confession was made, one hour was spent in joint intercessions for mercy; instructions, exhortations



CROWN COURT, COUNTY HALL, NOTTINGHAM

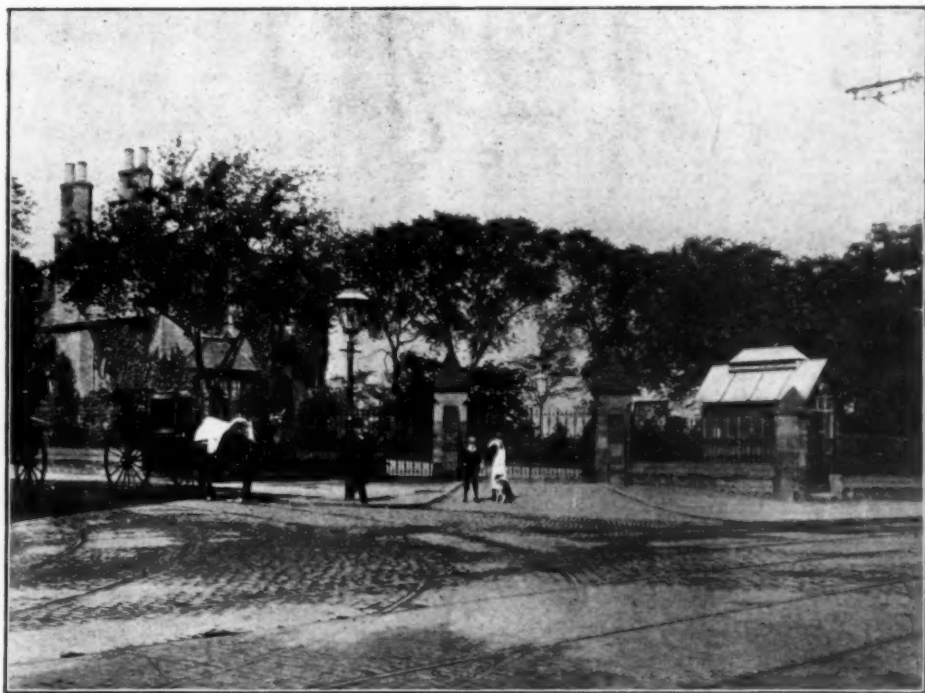
and encouragements were mingled with the petitions, and then "the Lord in mercy spoke peace to her soul. She cried out: 'Oh, how happy I am! The Lord has pardoned all my sins and I shall go to heaven.' She never lost the evidence for one moment, but always rejoiced in the hope of glory."

The closing scene is easy to follow in Dinah Morris's narrative, and also from that which is still preserved as being taken from the journals of the time. The hours went quickly on, relieved of their sombre dread by the inward change experienced by the repentant and rejoicing convict. Early in the morning there came to the condemned cell the Sheriff for Nottingham, accompanied by the Governor of the gaol attended by several warders, and followed by the executioner. Very quickly the sentence is read over in

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

her hearing and its justice confessed. The hangman ties a rope around her neck, which she assists him in adjusting. Then she is handcuffed and pinioned. A cart is waiting at the gaol-door, into which she is quickly hoisted. A plank spans the vehicle, on which she is seated, with Dinah Morris on one side and her companion, Miss Richards, on the other. It is a mile and a half to the place of execution. All the dreary way there

cart was drawn under it and the ropes tied together. Some of the death tragedies enacted here were horrible in the extreme. There was horror enough in this case truly, with thousands gazing on the scene; but how was it relieved from the darker side of its gloom by the calm self-possession and radiant, spiritual joy of the poor young creature who had made her artless confession and now witnessed to all who could



GALLOWES HILL, NOTTINGHAM. SITE OF THE EXECUTION OF MARY VOCE

is prayer and praise. An unparalleled crowd throngs the thoroughfares. One hundred Methodists form a procession and sing hymns all the way. Passing up Mansfield Road the procession halts at Gallows Hill, situated on an elevated corner of Sherwood Forest. There stood the grim scaffold on which hundreds of convicts had been done to death. From its transverse beam, another piece of rope was swaying in the air. The

hear her voice, her deep sense of sin, her certainty of full and free forgiveness, and her confident hope of heaven. There was no rescue, although in *Adam Bede* the last moment brings one. Here, however, in real life, nothing of the kind takes place. The cart is drawn forward and the body of Mary Voce is left suspended from the beam. But with her latest breath she cried: "Glory to God, glory, glory!"



Three Little Pilgrimages

BY E. BOYER BROWN

THERE are certain places connected with great English writers which lie so off the beaten track and the great highways of the land, that they are seldom reached unless at the cost of time and money, which seem more profitably expended on other objects. But many a one suffers a sense of incompleteness in his full enjoyment of a writer's work in consequence of this deficiency.

In connexion with Wordsworth and Coleridge such places are Racedown, where Wordsworth lived from 1795 to 1797; Clevedon, where Coleridge settled after his marriage in 1795; and the twin places of interest, Alfoxden Park and the Nether Stowey cottage, where Wordsworth and Coleridge lived in close intercourse, and produced their finest and most typical work.

Alfoxden and Nether Stowey are words conveying their own meaning to even a

cursory student of English literature, but Racedown means little, and holds a minor place in the story of the poets.

When Wordsworth and his sister went to live at Racedown, Coleridge was just settling down at Clevedon with his bride. Wordsworth was twenty-five, Coleridge twenty-three.

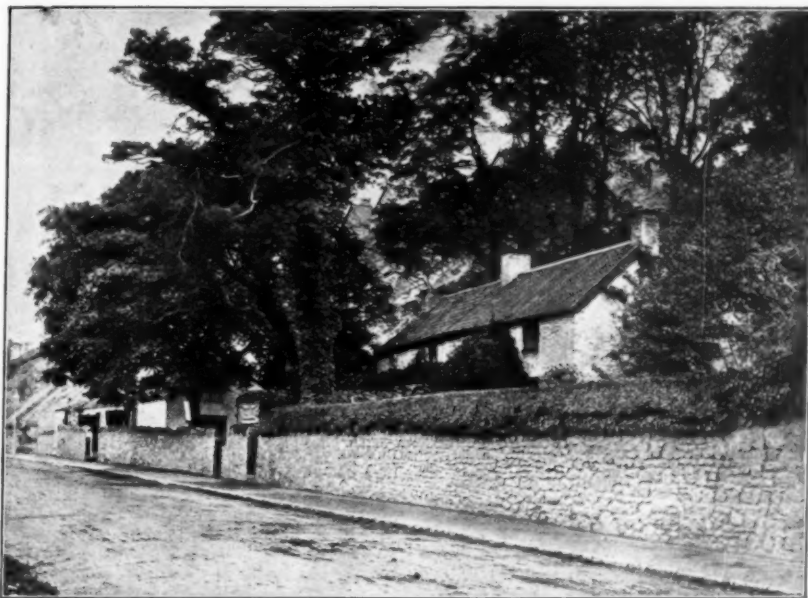
Two years of a man's life count for a good deal at that age, and it is pleasant to gratify one's curiosity in seeing what manner of home Wordsworth had, and what were the natural features of its neighbourhood.

Racedown is situated in a sparsely-populated district in Dorsetshire, and is eight miles from any town. If the ordinary stranger does make his way from the coast towards Racedown, on pleasure bent, it is not in pilgrimage to that shrine, but to see the Screeching Skull of Biddescombe, which abides, and must abide, in the old sequestered



WORDSWORTH'S HOUSE AT RACEDOWN

Three Little Pilgrimages



COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE, CLEVEDON

farm-house among the hills; for whenever attempts have been made to bury it, that lone house is filled with wailing. So in the dark garret it rests, over the entrance to a secret chamber, and its history no man knows. Biddescombe Manor is about a mile from Racedown, and Wordsworth could hardly have been ignorant of the story, and one wonders he did not use it to point a moral or enforce a truth.

The drive from Lyme Regis is a good one, and the halting-place is a little inn where four ways meet. Here formerly stood a turnpike gate. The northern of the roads drops into a valley and ascends the opposite hill, and Racedown is quickly reached. The sides of this country lane, which must often have been trodden by Wordsworth, are bright with countless celandines, and one almost feels that here Wordsworth learned to love their beauty. From reference to the house in biographies of the poet it was anticipated that it would prove a cottage, little better than those occupied by farm-labourers. It is not this. It is a square house, standing back from the road, in a field. At present the occupant of the land lives there, and farm-buildings have been erected near it, but in Wordsworth's day it seems to have been let apart from the land, and the centre of agricultural operations was

the old farmstead in the valley behind the house. One can therefore understand that it might have been let at a merely nominal rent. His study was the room on the left of the door, the window facing south over a pleasant valley.

At the bottom of this valley purls a noisy stream not too deep to cross by stepping-stones. Its banks in springtime are bedecked with primroses, and in the sloping field beneath the poet's window nod a thousand daffodils. We know that other daffodils were those he has immortalised, but there, in that still valley with the celandines and primroses and dancing daffodils and the voice of the cuckoo in the fir-trees overhead, it was hard to believe that some of Wordsworth's spring thoughts did not take form among these very surroundings.

When Wordsworth settled at Alfoxden, we read of friends and interchange of visits, and there is a sound of coming and going. At Racedown he seems to be in retreat before his great work.

Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey must always be far more interesting to us than the Clevedon cottage where he spent his honeymoon and the first months of his married life, but even the minor poems of a

Three Little Pilgrimages



ALFOXDEN PARK, WHERE WORDSWORTH LIVED FROM 1798, AND WHERE HE WROTE "WE ARE SEVEN"

great writer are worthy of being fully understood, and without a knowledge of a poet's environment, which most of them reflect, much of their charm must be lost to the reader.

Of this cottage at Clevedon Coleridge writes, "Low was our pretty cot! our rose peeped at our chamber window." "Our cot o'ergrown with white-flowered jasmine and the broad-leaved myrtle." "We could hear at silent noon, at eve, and early morn, the sea's faint murmur." "It was a spot which you might aptly call the Valley of Seclusion."

Clevedon is a pretty watering-place on the Bristol Channel. The new town lies on the hill-top, and northwards the old village straggles along for nearly two miles under the ridge from Clevedon Court, the home of Hallam's mother, to the old church where "they laid him by the pleasant shore, and in the hearing of the waves." Modern Clevedon does not approach near enough to Hallam's grave to destroy the sense of far-away restfulness that the name of Hallam calls up. Other churches have sprung up to meet the wants of the new town, and the old church nestles under the shadow of the hills enshrining in peace the dust of "that Friend of mine who lives in God."

Midway in the long village, near the station, amid unworthy surroundings, Coleridge's old house makes a break in the line of new buildings which are rapidly replacing the cottages of even thirty years ago. Across the road the little stream, sadly defiled, hurries to the purifying sea.

The dwelling is now two cottages, but apparently the right-hand half is Coleridge's former habitation, the left-hand section having once been an outhouse or dairy. The writer's informant was the woman who lives in this part of the cottage. She was at her washing-tub, a brisk woman, with crisp grey hair and bright brown eyes. She was evidently an old inhabitant, and

pleased to talk about by-gone times and recent improvements. The following conversation is typical of what happens when one visits these out-of-the-way places from which all memory of a great man's occupation has passed away.

He (in a moment of heedlessness, turning to the cottage). Then which of them did he live in?

She (with lively interest). What, Mr. Atkins?

He (half-stunned). N—n—

She (with alacrity and a sort of finality in the interrogative inflexion). Mr. Stokes?

He (but half recovered from the shock). No, no,—Coleridge. (Then apologetically) But he lived here a hundred years ago.

She (with evident chagrin, mingled with contempt). Oh—h! well—Coleridge cottage is next door!

And she turned sharply to her washing-tub again. Poor soul, her mouth had watered at the thought of news, and none was forthcoming.

In 1798 Wordsworth moved from Racedown to Alfoxden Park in the little village of Halford, eleven miles from Bridgwater. Coleridge was already living at Nether Stowey, three miles distant. The park gates are in the village, and on the waste land outside them lived "Simon Lee the huntsman." Alfoxden House is through the grove at the head of the glen and across the park. Racedown strikes one as being a large house for a poor man to occupy, but Alfoxden is thrice as large. When

Three Little Pilgrimages



COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE AT NETHER STOWEY

The second gable-end does not now exist. That cottage must have been pulled down. There is now a short carriage-drive leading to a new villa which stands back a few yards from the road. This is the road which leads to Alfoxden.

Wordsworth rented it, it was the property of a young fellow who was a minor, and probably any tenant in the shape of a gentleman was welcomed even at a low rent.

There is a public footway which crosses the glen by a rustic bridge, and following the drive, passes through the garden at the north of the house. It can be well understood that this public way is a source of much annoyance to the present owner of the estate who lives at Alfoxden, but he may be proud of possessing a place so precious in the eyes of the whole English-speaking world. He is much annoyed by trippers and Bank-Holiday-makers, who know no more of Wordsworth than his name; his beautiful glen is invaded, his game disturbed, his deer "chivied," and even sober pilgrims are apt to forget their manners and stray off the public way to get a view of the front of the house. By a special act of courtesy on his part the annexed illustration was taken. The hill slopes down to the very doors, and there is a beautiful view over the Bristol Channel and the broad Bridgwater valley, with the

encircling Mendips beyond. We know that many of Wordsworth's poems were written "in front of Alfoxden." On the stables glistens a vane, and it was pleasant to think that there too may have veered the one that suggested the line, "At Kilve there was no weathercock." "Kilve's delightful shore," "Kilve by the green sea," is only a mile or two away, and part of the village is passed through as one follows the coach road in its westerly direction towards Williton. In this part of the drive we were following the footsteps of Wordsworth and Coleridge when they took that memorable walk by way of Watchet to Porlock and Lynton, during which the "Ancient Mariner" was begun. As we passed Kilve there hung midway between earth and heaven "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

It was at Alfoxden that Wordsworth wrote "We are seven," "Peter Bell," "An Anecdote for Fathers," "Expostulation and Reply," and many minor poems. It was of its beautiful glen that Coleridge wrote—

"The roaring dell, o'ercrowded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the midday sun."

Nether Stowey is so called to distinguish it from Over Stowey. It is one of the busiest little towns in the Quantocks district. It lies on the high-road from Bridgwater through north-west Somersetshire into north Devon; it is the coast-road, with the sea within a mile or two, and the hills on the left. Stowey is hardly large enough to be spoken of as a town, and too large to be called a village. It is about



COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE (FRONT VIEW), NETHER STOWEY

Three Little Pilgrimages

three miles nearer Bridgwater than Halford, and, on entering from Halford, the cottage where Coleridge wrote "Christabel" and completed the "Ancient Mariner" is the first on the street on the right. There is an amusing account of William Howitt's visit to Stowey in the early forties to be found in his charming book, *The Homes and Haunts of English Poets*. It was then a pot-house, and a pot-house it remained till a few years ago. Would that it was a pot-house still, if that fate had preserved it from its present desecration. Instead of a cottage with garden and orchard, its front presents the appearance of a recently-built house in the neighbourhood of a railway-station, without one spark of romance in it to kindle thoughts of the past. It is of the red stone of the district, conventional, pretentious, and eminently genteel. Standing behind it, however, in the garden of a neighbouring house, which perhaps is where the poet's orchard was, one's spirits a little revive. The back of the building is rugged, irregular, and whitewashed, the windows are of varying sizes and shapes, and it is possible to forget the Jubilee-villa style of its frontage. The back windows look towards the south, and let us hope that it was in one of those south rooms that "Christabel" saw the light and the "Ancient Mariner" attained maturity.

Even in this quiet Quantocks district a hundred years must bring changes, but saddened as we may be that this house of Coleridge's could have been permitted to

suffer as it has in the concluding decade of the nineteenth century, when preservation would have been so natural, and in this case so easy, we may take comfort in the thought that the gently-rolling Quantocks still rise behind the house, and in front

"a tract magnificent,
Of hilly fields and meadows and the sea,
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up
The slip of smooth clear blue between two isles
Of purple shadow."

Man may make blunders, Nature makes none.

There is the undulating road to Alfoxden so often trodden by the poets' feet. There, too, wended their way those friends whose names we know so well, Southey, Cottle, Lamb, the Wedgwoods, to say nothing of Mr. Poole, through whom Coleridge came to live at Nether Stowey, holding converse other than that familiar to that prosaic "shire of Somerset." As we know, so little understood were these young men and their

friends, that Wordsworth was refused the tenancy of Alfoxden after the first year had expired. He had no apparent occupation, and he did not possess means enough to entitle him to be considered a "gentleman."

So the quiet Quantocks land knew him no more, but it must never be forgotten that there he wrote those simple poems which give us the keynote of all his future work, and here Coleridge penned those masterpieces by which alone future ages will know him.



NETHER STOWEY. THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT IS
"COLERIDGE COTTAGE"



Plant Cultivation for Profit

BY A WOMAN WORKER

I

IT is more than twelve years since I took the advice of an enthusiastic friend (a most successful cultivator of choice plants), and, armed with an introduction from her, offered some of my surplus roots to a well-known firm of nurserymen, whose plants I had frequently bought at retail prices.

My offer was accepted, a very fair (trade) price paid for the roots, and since then I have continued to garden for profit as well as for pleasure, gaining much valuable experience, extending the number and variety of plants grown, and of late (I venture to hope) assisting others who are anxious also to make their gardens not only pay all necessary expenses, but leave a surplus of profit.

Having written on this subject in one or two of the Irish agricultural and floricultural papers, I have had numerous letters from cultivators who (like myself) had very productive gardens, and who were most anxious to dispose of their surplus plants.

In many cases it seemed hopeless trying to assist them to do this, as the plants grown in such profusion were of an utterly commonplace character; but by dint of making what Mrs. Malaprop might describe as "superhuman excursions," and through the good-nature of one or two lady florists who supply the public (through advertisement) with all varieties of ordinary plants at cheap rates, I was able to secure a few orders, but at such low rates as made it certainly not worth while to grow (and scarcely worth while to count and pack) the plants.

On the other hand, I had communications from women gardeners who, being enthusiasts in their work, had successfully cultivated such treasures as are in constant demand, and in these cases it was a real pleasure to give their names and addresses to the firms to whose kindness I owed so much during the years in which I was "buying my experience."

How well I can picture the satisfaction with which such a communication as this would be received—"Mrs. White wishes to dispose of 100 White Martagon Lily bulbs, and three or four dozen of 'Madame Pompadour' (Double Crimson Primrose) roots," compared to the bare civility and indifference with which the intelligence that "Mrs. Black would like to sell 3000 Single White Narcissus Bulbs, 100 Monbretia Bulbs, and 500 Dornicum Plants," would be received.

Do not let it be thought that I undervalue such common plants as make gay and fragrant the gardens of the cottager and the squire alike; they are all lovable in their way, and as dear to me as their shyest and "hardest to rear" sister or brother; but where the aim is to garden profitably, the requirements of "the

trade" must be thought of first, our individual likings last. I mention "the trade" because (taking all things into consideration) I think that in the majority of cases it is infinitely less trouble and more profitable to grow for sale direct to firms of respectable nurserymen, than to dispose of surplus plants by private sale.

"Circumstances alter cases," however, and where (for instance) a woman gardener has only herself to consider, no housekeeping, and a sum of money which may be risked for advertising purposes, there is no doubt that private sale of even the commonest varieties of plants can be made very remunerative.

Not long ago a small weekly paper gave a description of the work and garden of a lady who carried on a most flourishing business on these lines, and whose profits, as far as I can remember, seemed to range from £300 to £600 per annum, which fact alone suggests that the lady is not only a very clever gardener, but also that she has exceptional business capabilities.

A certain "gentleman gardener," whose advertisements make very amusing reading, and who (judging from his plaintive tone in objecting to the sale of clerical garden-plants) seems to wish that the sale of what he describes as "Rectory scraps" should be forbidden, as inimical to his interests, is said by his admirers to be enjoying a run of well-earned prosperity—I may say well-earned, as I know from personal experience that the plants supplied by him are excellent value as to quantity and quality. Another lady florist (who has also proved an exceedingly kind friend to beginners who have plants to dispose of) is, I believe, steadily making her way, advertising her plants regularly in several gardening and other papers, and executing orders in a most methodical and careful manner.

Such cases, however, only serve to point the moral I wish to convey, to those anxious to garden for profit.

Where an unlimited amount of time is at the disposal of the gardener, ready-money at his or her disposal to risk till such time as a connexion is made, and a certain amount of drudgery (in the way of packing for parcels post) is not objected to, a larger income may be obtained by disposing of surplus plants by private sale.

On the other hand, where the gardener is unable to waive all other claims in favour of those of the garden, and where it is inadvisable to risk an indefinite amount of ready-money in advertising, it is better for a beginner to sell direct to the "trade."

In the latter case the prices given are considerably less than those given by private purchasers, and it is on this rock that the inexperienced cultivator splits, I find, almost invariably.

Plant Cultivation for Profit

They cannot understand that trade prices must of necessity be much lower than retail prices.

"But the plants are marked 6d. each in their list, and Messrs. Red and Green only offered me 6s. per 100 for them," and other complaints of the same nature I am constantly receiving, and I can only repeat here the truths which again and again I have had to impress upon cultivators.

Plants sold to the "trade" cost absolutely nothing for transit, the purchaser paying carriage.

The cultivator has no expense in advertising, the purchaser bearing that, as well as the cost of bringing out yearly (at least) expensive price-lists.

Also in buying plants in large quantities, a certain percentage of such plants fail to grow, and it is the purchaser who must bear these losses and others which depend on the inclemency of the weather.

As a member of a well-known firm remarked to me lately, "It costs comparatively little to grow 'stuff,' but it takes a great deal of money to sell it."

I should advise any beginner who doubts the truth of this, and is anxious to buy a little experience, to try (say for a year) to what extent the cost of systematic advertising, paying cost of carriage or postage (which many private buyers expect the cultivator to do), the cost of packing, and of supplying boxes, etc., encroaches on the profits received.

The Advisable and the Inadvisable in Gardening for Profit

Before investing money in plants, consider well the possibilities of the garden, with regard to the variety of plants most suited to its aspect, soil, and climatic conditions; if possible, secure the opinion of an expert before deciding what to grow.

Any good firm would then supply such plants and bulbs as are suited to the garden, and likely to be in demand.

A sunny garden with light, sandy soil suggests choice Carnations, Pinks, and some of the rarer varieties of bulbous plants.

Amongst these may be classed some of the old Cottage or Garden and other choice Tulips; the former variety grown in self-colours are still in fairly good demand.

They do not require to be moved oftener than once in three years, but the ground in which they are planted should not be touched by spade or fork during that time, or some time, when "it was gone," as George Herbert says,

"Quite under ground: as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown,

Where they together

All the hard weather,

Dead to the world, keep house unknown,"

—bulb-mother and child-bulblet may be ruthlessly thrown out to perish.

I try to avoid such a catastrophe (which, where the "handy-man" of average intelligence permeates the garden with spade, fork, and barrow, is not at all an unlikely one) by always planting the early Spring Forget-me-not (*Myosotis Dissitiflora*) over my Tulip-beds.

I also adopt a simple method of marking both Tulips and Carnations by using as stakes for them pointed stakes of bull-wire, the heads of which (to the depth of two inches) are painted with Aspalathus Enamel, the colour of the blooms, so that not only every variety, but every colour may be easily identified.

A garden near a river or a lake, or through which a stream runs, permits of nurseries being made in or close to the water, for the reception and cultivation of aquatic and semi-aquatic plants, many of which are most interesting to grow and profitable to dispose of.

Space does not allow me to touch on the sale of cut flowers as a source of profit in gardening, but I may remark, in passing, that such a "watery nursery" in a warm and early climate should be a source of wealth to its possessor, if for the sake of Arum Lily blooms alone.

The roots of these should be planted in April in a large basket or "creel," placing at the bottom first a covering or lining of sods of turf, then some good soil, last the plants, which may be covered over the roots with soil, and then gently lowered (in the basket) into the water.

For the owner of a boggy garden there are infinite possibilities in the cultivation of bog-loving plants.

A shady garden with deep rich soil well cultivated, with the possibility of securing some beds and borders facing north, is an ideal place for cultivating every variety of double and single Primrose, Hose-in-hose, and Polyanthus, as well as some of the rare varieties of the *Primula* family.

In the north-west-facing borders of such a garden, Violets also should find themselves perfectly happy, increase, multiply, and bloom abundantly.

They also like a deep, well-cultivated soil, with the addition of plenty of sand to root in, and to encourage such runners as are wished to root and form fresh plants.

Where root cultivation only is the main object, more of these runners may be permitted to root than could be the case where a supply of blooms is the first consideration.

Both the Primrose and the Violets like shade from hot sun in summer, and if necessary the primrose plants must be moved after flowering to a shady spot, rather than left to "face the music" in the shape of a hot, burning sun.

Red spider, the enemy of both Violets and Primroses, may be defeated in its ends, if the plants are syringed copiously with water in the evening after any very hot or scorching day.

Needless to say, a very strict account should be kept, both of plants bought and sold.

After a garden is once stocked, only a few plants should be added every year, those being

Plant Cultivation for Profit

of a choice character, carefully cultivated, and none sold till a stock is formed.

Many beginners, rather than be disobliging, part with their treasures, and leave themselves without enough plants to keep up their stock.

From the first, a character for reliability and fair dealing should be maintained, good value must be sent in every case, well-rooted, healthy plants, and a few plants over (in every hundred) in case of accidents.

Respectable firms soon note if this is done, and a supplier whose plants invariably count out less than the number quoted in the invoice is naturally not preferred to one who allows a margin on the "good" side.

Absolute reliability as to the name and variety of plants sent is also essential.

A carefully-kept Gardening Book helps greatly in the identification of plants when out of bloom, and also makes it impossible to forget their whereabouts in the garden.

As in counting plants that are being dispatched for sale it is much easier to count hundreds in four lots of twenty-five each, it is a good plan to plant, when possible, in rows of twenty-five. I quote from my Gardening Book the following as an example:—

Double Primroses.

Bed 1.

Double Lilac Primroses.

10 Lines, 25 Plants in each Line, 6 inches apart. Tally giving Name.

Bed 2.

Double Sulphur Primroses.

8 Lines, 25 Plants in each Line. Tally giving Name.

Where very many plants are sent (say 4000 or 5000) two or three times a week, as sometimes happens in the spring or autumn "rush," it may be advisable to employ a woman or boy to count out the plants, but as more experience is gained, and choicer varieties are grown, such as are only sold by the hundred, or even the dozen, the counting is comparatively easy.

When sending large quantities, at least 50 extra plants should be put in for every 500. Careful packing is (it goes without saying) absolutely necessary.

The various firms may indicate to the cultivator how they like their plants sent, as, for instance, one firm says, "Lift in clumps, do not remove too much soil, and do not divide clumps."

Another's orders are, "Divide clumps into separate plants, shake out all soil, pack in a sack."

Small plants allow of a good number being sent by parcels post.

In my next article on this subject I hope to give details as to plants sold, prices received, method of packing and forwarding, also some hints as to choice of helpful gardening literature.

A Suburban Almond-Tree

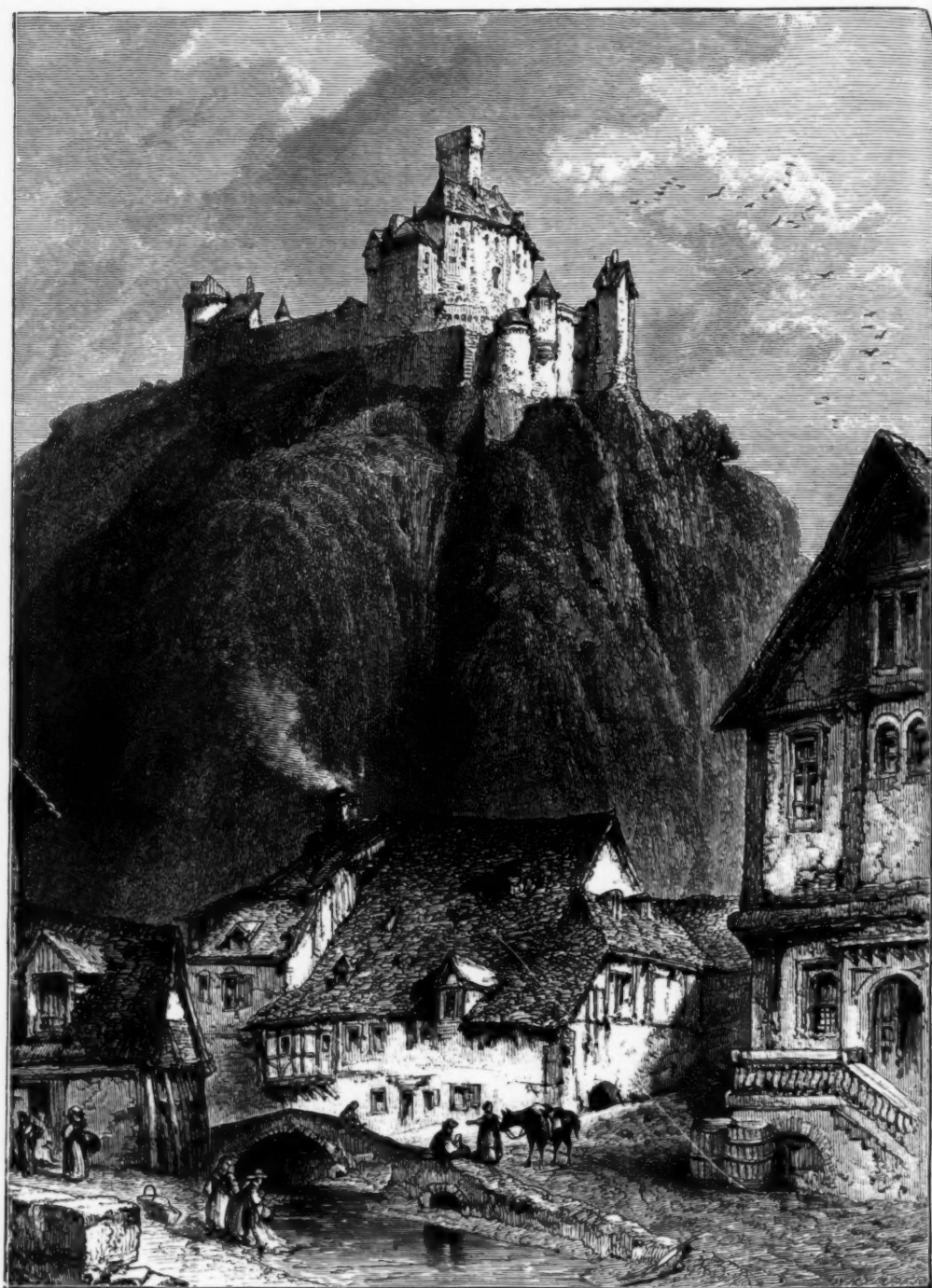
A LITTLE street, prim with its red-bricked houses,
Paved footway, palings trim—
Life presses on us here, the spirit drowns,
The self-contented body stifling him.

The muslin-blinded windows show no faces
That gleam across our mood,
With childish laughter or with girlish graces
Saying "The world is good."

But suddenly athwart all these pretences,
Arches that nowhere lead,
With glimmering of pink flowers above the fences
The street is changed indeed.

On naked boughs the almond-blossoms tremble,
A pink foam overhead.
We see the legions of the Spring assemble,
We who believed our weariness that said
Spring would not come again till we were dead.

NORA CHESSON.



BRAUBACH, WITH CASTLE OF MARKSBURG, ON THE RHINE

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Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Gold Rush in South Australia

THE attractive power of gold is never better exemplified than by what takes place in Australia when a new goldfield is discovered. A few weeks ago a report was published that good gold had been found at Arltunga, a practically unknown district almost in the heart of South Australia. Instantly, from all parts of the continent, men hurried to the scene. Arltunga is no less than 1100 miles north of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, so that the mere preliminary process of getting to the goldfield was costly. There was a three days' ride in the train, followed by a long, weary tramp or ride over miserable country. Water was only to be found at certain favoured localities, and food was at famine prices on the field. To crown all there was no alluvial gold, i. e. loose grains or nuggets of gold in the soil, that can be obtained by easy work; but all the gold was in rock formation, necessitating expensive sinking, and afterwards expensive crushing. In spite of all this there is still a steady stream of men, a lot of them on foot, marching doggedly to what they think is a new El Dorado. There are also men on bicycles, others on camels and horses, and some walking and leading pack-horses. I once saw a man making for a "rush," as a new goldfield is called, wheeling a wheelbarrow, on which he had piled all his belongings. And he had eighty miles to travel when I saw him. Women go too, and the manner in which they put up with hardships and discomforts is astonishing. It may be as well to state, in view of the statements in the English papers regarding "mountains of gold," that the new field is not even prospected, much less proved yet; and that so far it does not promise to be anything extraordinary.—F. S. S.

Foxes in Australia

ALTHOUGH it is only a few years since the fox was introduced to Australia, from England, it has multiplied so rapidly in Victoria—where it was first liberated—that the Government has for some years been paying a bonus for its destruction. At the present time half-a-crown

per scalp is given, and some idea of the number of foxes in the state may be gained from the fact that on an average 30,000 scalps are paid for annually. The fox in a few years spread all over Victoria, the abundant supply of rabbits everywhere contributing largely to this effect. As a matter of fact, it is the constant supply of rabbits that has so far protected sheep-farmers and others from his raids. In districts where rabbits are scarce we hear of lambs disappearing; but where rabbits are plentiful the fox as a rule lets the lambs alone. The writer, however, who lives in a rabbit-infested district, has at odd times lost turkeys and ducks—a flock of sixteen turkeys being taken, or rather killed, in one night. The foxes caught are almost always large and in beautiful condition, facts which show that their adopted country agrees with them. A few months ago a couple of foxes were seen chasing a kangaroo. The kangaroo was getting very tired, and would probably have been pulled down by the foxes had they not passed too close to a hare-shooter, who bowled them both over. There is very little fox-hunting, in the English style, out here; so that it is no one's interest to protect them. The consequence is that every man's (and boy's) hand is against the fox; and the curious part of the business is, that in spite of it all Master Reynard is flourishing and increasing in number.—F. S. S.

A Distinguished Australian

DR. G. E. MORRISON, the well-known *Times* correspondent at Peking, has just paid a short visit to his relatives who reside in Geelong, Victoria. He is a member of a family distinguished for its connexion with education, equally in Scotland and Australia. His father was head of the Geelong College, one of the leading institutions of its kind in the Western district, and his uncle, Dr. Alexander Morrison, who has been Principal of the Scotch College, Melbourne, for forty years, is the best-known schoolmaster in the Commonwealth.

The *Times* correspondent has had a romantic and varied career for so young a man. In his school-days he traversed our chief river, the Murray, almost from its source to its entrance

Over-Sea Notes

into Lake Alexandrina, where it joins the sea. Afterwards he did a long, lonely walk round the coast from Melbourne to Adelaide, as a preliminary to his great tramp across the entire continent from north to south. His habit of roaming next took him to the pearl fisheries of West Australia, and then he personally investigated the nefarious labour traffic in the Pacific, shipping as a common seaman on a Kanaka schooner, a most unenviable experience except for a man thoroughly in love with adventure. As the result of this voyage he wrote a series of articles, which attracted much attention and assisted to bring about reforms in the trade, which is now at an end so far as we are concerned. Soon after he led an exploring expedition in New Guinea for the Melbourne *Age* newspaper, and was wounded in a skirmish with the natives. Then came a couple of years' rest, as medical superintendent of the hospital in a large inland town (Ballarat), and finally his settlement in Peking, where his services in the defence of the Legations made him world famous.

Notwithstanding his fame, Dr. Morrison came and went very quietly, the only public notice he received being a municipal welcome in his own town. Many people were indignant at the fact of his non-recognition, but in the present stage of their development many of our people seem to prefer cheering champion cyclists and men of that type to those who have made the name of Australian famous in other directions.

On the other hand, no complaint can be made about the cosmopolitanism of some official welcomes, for in one month lately the Lord Mayor of Melbourne entertained a leading bookmaker, the new Bishop, and the Secretary of the World's Student Volunteer Movement on their arrival in the city.—A. J. W.

Unfavourable Aspects of the Siberian Railway

IN many ways the great hopes centred in the Siberian railway are not being realised. Even among the most enthusiastic supporters of the gigantic undertaking the belief is rapidly gaining ground that commercially it will never pay. During the progress of building the cost rose in leaps and bounds far beyond the original estimate. It was discovered that the work was being done in the most costly and unpractical way. Engineers and other officials were being placed in responsible positions for which they were in no way fit. From Ekaterinburg to

Manchuria 5632 versts of line were laid down at a cost of 530 million roubles, or say £10,000 per verst. This is an enormous price when it is considered that the land through which the line runs belongs to the State. Most of the bridges are of wood, and the iron bridges are already beginning to show grave defects of construction and material. Among the 11,142 officials engaged in the construction were only 123 who had received a technical education, and only 473 who had passed through a middle-class school. Among the others are found painters, gendarmes, photographers, priests, farmers, organists, broken-down officers, etc. The worst of it is that nearly 2000 persons banished to Siberia for various kinds of offences were employed on the line, and it is openly stated that nearly one-half of these are still occupying responsible positions as guards, station-masters, etc.—M. A. M.

Average Age in various Lands

THE International Statistical Institute publishes some curious information regarding the average age attained in various European countries. Norway and Sweden head the list with 50 years. Then comes England with 45½ years, France 44½, Prussia 39, Wurtemberg 38, Bavaria and other parts of Germany 36. In Austria and Spain the inhabitants have the shortest lives, the average age being only 33. From other countries no complete statistics have been obtainable, but it is computed that Holland and Belgium are pretty much on a level with Prussia, and that Russia and Turkey are not much ahead of Spain owing to the terrible infant mortality in those countries. With regard to the occupations which insure longevity, it is the universal testimony of Protestant and Catholic countries alike that clergymen reach the highest age, being close run by gardeners and vine-dressers. Ordinary agricultural labourers, although their occupation is so largely in the open air, are not conspicuous as long livers, except in France, Sweden, and England. People working with wood are longer lived than those whose occupations are with metals, and both attain a higher age than textile workers and workers in chemical industries. The shortest-lived people are miners, except in England, where the superior mining regulations and admirable sanitary arrangements have a beneficial effect. In England and Norway sailors and fishermen live to a far greater age than in Germany and France.

M. A. M.

Table Manners in 16th Century

A GERMAN archæologist in Nuremberg has dug out some quaint instructions regarding the proper conduct of young people at the table of strangers. When young people dined at home such strictness presumably was unnecessary. When invited to a gentleman's table the young person was advised to come with clean hands and nails. On no account were the nails to be cleaned at table. This operation is to be performed in private. The glass of wine or beer must be raised to the mouth with both hands. If you use only one hand you will painfully remind your host of a carter greasing his wagon. On no account must you cough or sneeze into your cup, or drink with food in your mouth like an ox, or drink noisily with smacking of lips or gurglings. And as soon as you have finished drinking don't forget to wipe your nose and mouth. One cannot be too cleanly in these things. Nor was it permitted to gnaw at bones, nor to throw bones on the floor after they had been denuded of meat. The bones must remain on the plate. Marrow must not be sucked from a bone at a gentleman's table. If apples are on the table, cut yours in two and present one half to your neighbour. This is good breeding, and shows a kindly disposition which your host is sure to observe. Apples must be peeled beginning at the flower end, but pears must always be peeled from the stalk end. To neglect this little matter indicates bad bringing up. Butter must not be spread on bread with the thumb. Bread and butter treated in this way cannot be presented to your neighbour. But most important of all, avoid drinking soup directly out of the plate. Always use a spoon, and in consuming your soup don't make noises like a calf. When passing anything to your neighbour, always rise from your seat as a sign of respect, and do not resume your seat until he has assisted himself.—M. A. M.

An American Henley

IF the plans of the "American Rowing Association" mature, an American Henley modelled after the English original will be instituted in July 1903. The river selected for the regatta is the Schuylkill, a tributary to the Delaware river. The National course includes that portion of the river flowing through Fairmount Park, one of the largest city parks in the world. The University of Pennsylvania crews practise upon this course, and annual regattas of a local character have been held

there for years. The banks of the Schuylkill river are lined with strong stone walls, and wide driveways and walks extend the entire distance of the rowing course on both sides of the river, so that ample provision can be made for the spectators. Ten or twelve well-equipped boat-clubs have their houses along the shores of the river, where visiting crews can find storage for their boats and baggage. For accommodation of the oarsmen the city of Philadelphia will be most convenient, the hotel district being only a half-hour's ride from the boat-houses. The purpose of the American Henley will be to encourage all amateur racing by oarsmen, but no inducements will be offered to the contestants beyond the honour of winning. It is hoped to establish challenge cups for each event, but the winner will merely have his name inscribed on it and possibly receive a pewter mug or prize. In no case will the individual reward be of such intrinsic value as to induce men to compete for the prize itself. There will be races for singles, doubles, fours and eights, and while special events will be arranged for scholastic crews, the distinction between juniors and seniors now recognised will probably be ignored. The first regatta of the American Henley will be held on July 2, 1903, and if this proves successful its permanence as an annual event will doubtless be assured.—A. B. R.

The Croton Dam

THE Croton dam, which is now being constructed to increase the water supply of "greater New York," will rival, when completed, the famous Assouan dam on the Upper Nile. The Croton dam is so called because it is situated in the valley of the Croton river about thirty-five miles north of New York City. It is 6300 feet in length and varies in height from thirty to ninety feet according to the topography of the underlying rock. These dimensions slightly exceed, it is said, those of the Assouan dam. The capacity of the Croton dam is about 34,000,000,000 gallons. Several accessory dams are being constructed further up the river, which will render the total capacity of the system about 60,000,000,000 gallons. Enormous aqueducts will conduct the water to the city, and it will be possible to deliver 360,000,000 gallons daily. But judging from the past growth of the city, even this supply will soon prove inadequate, and engineers are already planning to bring more water to the metropolis within the next five or six years. The Croton dam will, it is estimated, be completed within a year.—A. B. R.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

The Formation of Pearls

PROF. W. A. HERDMAN, who was commissioned by the Government to make a scientific investigation of the celebrated pearl oysters of Ceylon, recently described the chief results of his studies in a lecture at the Royal Institution. The Ceylon pearl fisheries are of great antiquity. Pliny refers to pearls from Ceylon as "by far the best in the world," and Cleopatra is said to have obtained pearls from a small village on the Gulf of Manaar, which is still the centre of the pearl industry. Several distinct causes have been found to lead to the production of pearls in the Ceylon oyster; but in every case pearl formation is the result of an unhealthy and abnormal process. Some pearls are due to irritation caused to the oyster by minute sponges or burrowing worms, and others are due to grains of sand gaining access to the body inside the shell. Prof. Herdman finds, however, that such grains only form the nuclei of pearls in exceptional circumstances, and that the majority of the pearls found free in the tissues of the body of the Ceylon oyster contain the remains of certain parasites. It appears, therefore, that the stimulation which causes eventually the formation of an "orient" pearl is, as has been suggested by various writers in the past, due to infection by a minute lowly worm, which becomes encased and dies, thus justifying

Dubois's statement that "the most beautiful pearl is only the brilliant sarcophagus of a worm." The Chinese have long known that pearls can be produced by introducing foreign bodies into living oysters; and in two villages in the neighbourhood of Hou-tcheou thousands of people are employed in stimulating oysters to form pearls by this means. The accompanying illustration from the French journal *Cosmos* shows a shell of a large oyster having several small figures of Buddha which have been covered with pearl. The figures are cut out of tin, and after being lacquered are gently introduced between the mollusc and its shell. After a time the figures become covered with layers of pearl and are removed to be sold.

Evolution and Creation

AN address on the record of the rocks, delivered by Dr. Henry Woodward, the veteran geologist, at the beginning of this year, as president of the Royal Microscopical Society, has just been published in the journal of the Society, and contains some noteworthy statements. The history of life is written on the rocks by fossil remains, and the record shows that from the beginning there has been a steady upward tendency. Taken as a whole, the plants and animals of to-day are far more highly organised, varied and beautiful than in the past ages of the world, and the future will probably see still higher forms of life. But what of the beginning? Evolution is not creation, and biologists do not pretend to account for the origin of life, but only to trace the changes it has undergone and the conditions which produce them. Upon this matter Dr. Woodward remarks:—"But, it may be asked, what prospect is there of arriving at the earliest known ancestor from which all these varied forms have been derived? What help does the geological record afford us? My duty, as your guide, is to inform you that our increased knowledge of the older rocks has not shown that we are nearer the fulfilment of the young biologist's dream, and the secret of Pandora's box remains still undiscovered. We have not as yet reached the beginning of life." In this statement we have the confession that though science can trace and interpret the "footprints on the sands of time," it knows not how life began or what was the first created form. Deeper down than the oldest rocks lies the mystery of creation.

A Cycle of Dry and Wet Years

A REPORT by Mr. M. Fitzmaurice, Chief Engineer to the London County Council, directs attention to an apparent decrease in the annual rainfall over the Thames basin during the past twenty years. The late Mr. Symons found



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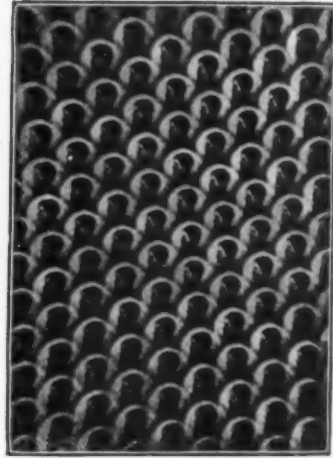
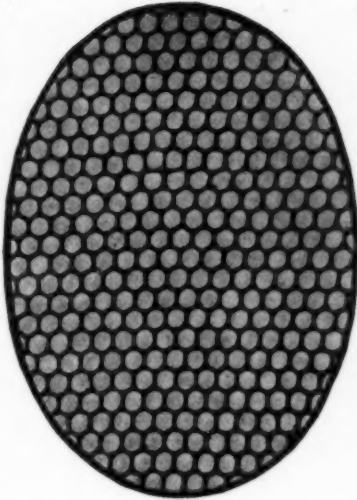
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that, taking records from 1850 to 1889, the average amount of rain which falls annually upon the watershed of the Thames was $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It appears, however, that a decided decline has taken place if the records of the past two or three decades are compared with this result. Taking the ten years from 1892—1901 the average is found to be $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and for the ten years 1893 to 1902 slightly under $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches, that is, three inches below the average for the same stations taken over a long term of years. Mr. Fitz-

maurice does not attempt to account for this decrease, but it is probably connected with a cycle of dry and wet seasons. Meteorologists have shown that there is a weather cycle of thirty-five years, and in this period a succession of dry and wet years occur. The last wet period was in the years 1878—1883, and the last dry period occurred about 1893—1895. As we have now passed this epoch of deficient rainfall an increase may be expected, and we shall probably have more rain (though not necessarily more rainy days) during the next few years than was received since the early eighties of last century.

The Eyes of Insects

NEARLY all insects have two kinds of eyes: simple and compound. The simple eyes contain single lenses, and there are usually three arranged in a triangle near the top of the head, between the compound eyes, which are made up of a large number of facets, each of which is capable of producing an image. A striking illustration of the formation of multiple images by compound eyes of insects is obtained by using such eyes as lenses in connexion with a microscope and taking a photograph of an object through them. Prof. W. F. Watson has copied a portrait with the compound eye of a beetle arranged in this way, and the result is here reproduced from the *Scientific American*, with a picture of the portion of the eye lenses used for the purpose. As a beetle has about 25,000 facets or lenses, each of which gives a distinct image, the number of images photographed was small in comparison with that seen by the living insect. An ant has about 50 facets in its compound eyes, a house-fly about 4000, and a dragon-fly 20,000. It is doubtful,



MAGNIFIED PORTION OF THE EYE LENSES OF A BEETLE, AND A PORTRAIT COPIED WITH IT BY PHOTOGRAPHY

however, whether insects actually distinguish the forms of the images given by their compound eyes. Observations show that most animals are but little impressed by the shapes of their enemies or victims, but their attention is immediately attracted by movement. Compound eyes are excellently adapted to perceive the slightest displacement within an insect's range of vision, and are probably used for this purpose rather than as visual organs.

Industrial Uses of Water-Power

AN estimate of the total power which the water falling on the earth's surface would produce in its descent to the sea was given by Mr. J. C. Hawkshaw in a recent address as president of the Institution of Civil Engineers. It appears that this running and falling water represents a constant value of more than ten thousand million horse-power. Our present yearly output of coal of about two hundred and twenty-five million tons would only give this amount of horse-power for half a day. At present only a minute fraction of the natural supply of energy is utilised, but as electro-chemical industries are developed, increased advantage will be taken of the cheap and continuous power which water provides. Practically all the metals can now be obtained from their oxides or salts by electrical processes, and water-power provides an economical means of driving turbines for the dynamos by which the electric current is produced. Water supplies nine-tenths of the power used for electro-chemical industries in Europe; and in the United States great progress has been made in the transmission of the water-power to places away from the source by means of electricity.

Varieties

"Call for 'Ah Song!'"

AN Irishman, newly appointed crier in a court in Australia, where there were many Chinese, was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to stand.

"Call for Ah Song!" was the command.

Pat was puzzled for a moment. He glanced slyly at the judge, and found him as grave as an undertaker. Then, turning to the spectators, he blandly simpered:

"Gentlemen, would any of you favour his honour with a song!"

The Bar

The saloon is sometimes called a bar.

THAT'S TRUE.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it, named it well.
A bar to manliness and wealth;
A door to want and broken health.
A bar to honour, pride, and fame;
A door to sin and grief and shame.
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer;
A door to darkness and despair.
A bar to honoured useful life;
A door to brawling senseless strife.
A bar to all that's true and brave;
A door to every drunkard's grave.
A bar to joys that home imparts;
A door to tears and aching hearts.
A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it, named it well.

American Paper.

639 Licenses Refused

A RETURN has been issued by the Home Office of the "number of victuallers', beerhouse, and other licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, the renewal of which has been refused at the general annual licensing meetings and adjournments thereof, held in England and Wales during February and March 1903." The return shows that the total number of licenses refused was 639, of which 285 were in counties and 354 in boroughs. Out of the total refusals, appeals are pending in 311 cases, made up of 155 appeals from the counties, and 156 from the boroughs. In the large boroughs Manchester takes the lead with 58 licenses refused, Liverpool comes next with 39, London has 25.

Bacon and Montaigne

I HAVE no doubt that Bacon's *Essays* were founded on those of Montaigne, as Anthony Bacon, the brother of Francis, was an intimate friend of Montaigne, whom he met at Bordeaux in 1582, two years after the first publication of Montaigne's *Essays*. "Without doubt," says Edward Arber, "this acquaintanceship resulted in these French essays being early brought under Bacon's notice." One of the finest passages in *The Tempest*—as Mr. Sidney Lee allows

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—is bodily extracted from one of Montaigne's *Essays*.—GEORGE STRONACH in *The Speaker*.

Not an Interruption

"Words spoken to our Father are not measured by time. They do not so much interrupt work as quicken it. They open the treasures of another world, hallowing, ennobling, blessing the simplest duties. . . . The Lord Himself has said in words which reach to all who love Him: 'No longer do I call you servants, . . . but I have called you friends.' He is our friend still, seen with the eyes of the heart. To turn to Him, to walk with Him, to open to Him our doubts, our wants, our griefs, our joys, is to find temptations overcome, hope rekindled, earth transformed."—From a sermon by Bishop Westcott (*Life, by his Son*).

Astronomical Notes for July

THE SUN, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises on the 1st day of this month at 3h. 48m. in the morning and sets at 8h. 18m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 3h. 57m. and sets at 8h. 13m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 8m. and sets at 8h. 4m. He will be at apogee, or farthest from the Earth, on the morning of the 3rd. The Moon is at her First Quarter at 9h. 2m. (Greenwich time) on the evening of the 1st; Full at 5h. 43m. on that of the 9th; at her Last Quarter at 7h. 24m. on that of the 17th; New at 46m. past noon on the 24th; and at her First Quarter again at 7h. 15m. on the morning of the 31st. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, at half-past 8 o'clock on the evening of the 10th, and at perigee, or nearest us, about a quarter of an hour before noon on the 24th. Exceptionally high tides may be expected on the last date, being also that of New Moon. No eclipses, or other special phenomena of importance, are due this month. The planet Mercury will be visible in the morning in the early part of the month, not far from the bright star Beta Tauri, but will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 26th. Venus is at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 10th, and is brilliant in the evening until she sets about 10 o'clock; she is in the constellation Leo, very near the bright star Regulus on the 6th, and due south of Delta Leonis (a star of the 2½ magnitude) on the 25th. Mars is still in Virgo, moving in a south-easterly direction, and passing a short distance to the north of Spica (the brightest star in that constellation) on the 22nd; at the end of the month he sets about 10 o'clock in the evening. Jupiter is nearly stationary, about ten degrees due south of the star Iota (of the fourth magnitude) in the constellation Pisces; by the end of the month he will rise soon after 9 o'clock in the evening. Saturn is near the boundary of the constellations Capricornus and Aquarius, and being at opposition to the Sun on the morning of the 30th, will be above the horizon all night.

W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EMPLOYMENTS.

Querist (S.W.).—(1) There is no evidence that the capacity of one sex is more limited than that of the other, and the generalisations that were inevitable twenty years ago, and usual even in the last decade, now seem old-fashioned and rather stupid. With the stupid they will doubtless continue popular some time longer. Personally, I have never observed any racial superiority of men over women or of women over men; in both sexes there are multitudinous individual varieties. The only organisation known to me in which both sexes have been awarded absolute equality is the Salvation Army, and what a success that is! His originality in treating women like capable and reasonable human beings would suffice of itself to prove General Booth one of the greatest geniuses of his generation. The rest of the world either coddles women or tramples on them, and I do not think they were created for either purpose. When we have learned to think of our kind, not as representative of a sex merely but of a race, we shall have made a great advance in wisdom and dignity. (2) It is the conditions of the family that have hitherto prevented, and will always prevent women from doing an equal share with men of the world's most noticeable work. When a woman marries and has children, the twenty most strenuous years of her life must, in a great measure, be devoted to these, unless she neglects her most important obligations. If the same happened in the case of men, how few of them would make fame and fortune! One can recognise this without dwelling on it as a grievance, because there comes a time when one can say without cant that where the home duties are well done, their rewards are the richest in the world. With regard to education, parents have not the same incentive to train their daughters equally with their sons for high achievement, because the more outstanding they become the more certain is the marriage condition to enter and modify their direction. I personally know three women who received a costly professional education, profited by it, and took foremost places in their individual callings, only to marry somewhat worse than they might have been expected to do had they confined themselves to the usual lines, necessarily abandoning subsequently all they had laboured to achieve. In the main women select such occupations as need not impede home life or be arrested by it, and at these they do very well, quite as well as the same number of men do in their avocations. I should be disposed to say that in what were the neglected fields of physiology, woman has made more mark during the present generation than anywhere else. Woman has done nothing outstanding in the regular field of medicine, though she has occupied it now for a generation, but in practical branches of physiology, in physical culture, in the rectification of various ills such as stammering, in teaching voice culture, physical culture of all kinds, in mastering the science of health and teaching others to teach how this may be done, in improving the physique, the appearance, the stature of her generation, woman has been enormously successful. And about this no fanfare has been made, the results voiced themselves. (3) Apart from Government employment under the postal system, catering for women's personal requirements as in clothing establishments, milliners' shops, etc., employs the largest proportion of women of the middle class. As most women expect to marry, desire to marry and attain a career in that way, they preferably choose for the time being occupations likely to give the readiest reward, and, if possible, the largest; hence the popularity of trade or of office work. For these the educational outlay need not be great, and the payment sounds adequate. For all large social movements there is usually a racial as well as a local or individual explanation. I have never had reason to doubt

the capacity of women, or their goodness as a class, though individually they are bad enough and foolish enough now and then.

EDUCATIONAL.

Essex.—(1) The cost of obtaining a degree is comparatively little where people live in a university town, and where their maintenance at home does not seem to entail much direct outlay. You will obtain a statement of fees, etc., if you apply to the secretary. The cost of a B.A. degree might be anything from £100 to £1000, according to where and how you live while you are working for it. (2) A girl would certainly teach better in another house than in her father's. I know of several cases where people who have a governess for their younger children allow their elder daughters to enter on situations or give daily lessons elsewhere. As a rule children will obey a governess better than they would obey a sister, while there is always some risk that, if the latter enforce her authority and prove a disciplinarian, she may alienate some of the affection of her juniors. Family tuition does not usually prove a success. Protests are sometimes made against girls whose fathers are able to support them entering the ranks of those seeking employment, and so congesting the market for the really necessitous, but work is a necessity which possession of bread does not abolish. There are times when taking a situation seems the only alternative from living uselessly, and it may be unhappily, at home. Not all sisters can exist in absolute harmony when their individual area is restricted. To the very young philanthropy does not appeal as it does to older people, and no one can work heartily except at that whose utility is felt and seen. Every case must be decided on its merits, no generalisation exactly meets each.

F. T.—There are many foreign families living in London with whom an English girl could board for the purpose of learning and speaking their language. In all probability the terms would be no higher than for board with an English family. A system of exchange of English with foreign young people has been established by the *Review of Reviews*. Through it an English family can send one boy or girl to a Swiss, French or German family, taking a member of that household in exchange, instruction to be imparted to the visitor in each case. By this means no expense is incurred on either side, beyond that of travel. Again, pupil teachers sometimes obtain situations in foreign schools, where they give lessons and receive board and instruction. For these application should be made at some of the scholastic agencies.

A. L. and A. St. J.—See last month's issue of *The Leisure Hour*. You will find in the correspondence section the particulars you seek. A directory of names and addresses is kept by the chief Esperantist, so that in each town and county the student of Esperanto can learn the names and addresses of others willing to communicate with and assist those who travel. It is possible that in time the list of these may be very large.

LITERARY.

Woebegone.—Your story is readable, it might prove salable (because of your melancholy pseudonym I speak as cheerily as I can). Nevertheless it is not good. Changes can be rung unweariedly on the loves of youths and maidens, but they can only be rung unweariedly when both youth and maiden are interesting, and when they have experiences beyond the everyday. Even the everyday can be rendered dramatic by means of poignancy of feeling and lucidity and force of expression, but these are rare and high-class literary attributes not to be looked for in a beginner. I should think the essential for good writing is clear perception not of what is good and has been already well done in literature, but of what is borne and

Women's Interests

accomplished in life; after that the vehicle of expression must be mastered. People will write well who, like George Eliot and Olive Schreiner, are conscious of the tragedy of humanity, or who, like Charles Dickens and W. W. Jacobs, perceive its whimsicality, provided they possess a fine vocabulary and an easy knowledge of English grammar in addition. I think for the joy of it I would rather write like W. W. Jacobs than any living producer of fiction, but where existence has denied us the frolic spirit, and opportunity has shut us off from marine men and seaport towns, we may not do the thing we would. In the matter of the market, nothing equals the humorous story when it is neither vulgar nor laboured (but these are the Scylla and Charybdis of many a mimic fleet). Editors are hungering and thirsting for these; offer them anywhere and you will not go empty away, they are as desirable as gems—and as scarce. In striving to write that you may live, you are one of a host; if fewer people had this ambition there would be more imperishable volumes, and less of the other kind. At present things are nigh to a deadlock in the book world. The commercial boomster and the multiple reviewer has (they are one and the same) brought criticism into contempt, and has killed the poor literary goose that with honest treatment would have provided her daily milk-white egg, but was unable to supply the auriferous quality unweariedly for a diet of chaff. For ten years the working of literary booms has been a business like selling patent medicines; now the public that would be as anxious as ever to read a good book if it knew where to find it, says plaintively, "Not any more, thank you, you make me tired." For all these reasons, but especially because there is no forceful note in what you have produced, I do not think the literary career promising in your case. But many useful things are wanted in the world, so take courage and think out one of those, and never mind the wooings and weddings of boys and girls. Make something; the best literature affords incentive; if you cannot produce the incentive, produce the thing itself, which may be better still—who knows?

Recluse.—Would it be much harder to have all one's private property in common with the rest of the community than to have one's books? I suppose one could grow up to use the general towel and toothbrush without immediate dissolution, but the sense of property which is a matter of education renders this kind of communism unattractive. There are people to whom books are quite as personal as garments, and who would sacrifice all these beyond a change of linen rather than be dependent on the circulating library for their literature. Try the comfort and companionship of a single shelf of the books that you can read over and over, whose pages you mark for your own pleasure, because certain passages afford you delight, whose mere covers have a wholesomeness about them, and see if they do not in time modify all their surroundings, including yourself. But keep that shelf reserved and select, do not introduce any book there because it has a fine cover or a nice title, or is good in parts like the legendary curate's egg; discriminate for the shelf, and in time you will observe that you discriminate for yourself. Some books will speak to you every time you open them, others will seem good but less insistent after long acquaintance; these are the friends you outgrow, and they may then be respectfully moved to an adjacent shelf. That is how libraries first take form and shape. Growing by reading might seem somewhat useless were we not sure that we are growing for something; that to become reasonable, just, contented, kind, is greatly for the bettering of one human being whose influence, when so developed, neither you nor I nor any other like ourselves can estimate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The picture of the *Meeting of Wellington and Blücher on the Evening of the Victory at Waterloo* was painted by Thomas J.

Barker, and engraved by Charles G. Lewis. One of our readers has kindly supplied this information.

Mambrino.—Unless the bestowal of pocket-money on children has a definite object it is better omitted. Where they regularly make certain purchases for themselves, pay their own fares to and from school, or learn to estimate the value of certain coins by investing them, it may be advisable to give the amount of the weekly expenditure in one sum, at the beginning of the week, but a regular allowance, however small, to be expended uselessly would tend injuriously. It is inadvisable to let the young think they have a right to anything which they have not earned. Give them even 3d. per week for no definite purpose, and they will by and by become independent to that extent, and may logically act contrary to your advice, because they can afford to do so with their "own money." The possession of a little income may, it is true, foster thought of others, render gifts to others possible, but the moral value of giving in the case of the donor depends on the amount of effort the gift entails. The habit of popularity purchased cheaply might not be an aid to ultimate excellence. Personally I favour a money gift on special occasions, as birthdays or Christmas days, the recipient to have absolute rights over the amount, rather than the income system of unnecessary pocket-money. On this point I should like to hear the opinions or experience of our readers.

Hopefully Independent.—I know just such a club as you inquire about, where there are male as well as female members, where the interests are both intellectual and social, where there are weekly social meetings for music and for debate, and where sections of the members study literary, scientific, or elocutionary subjects. But I may not print the address, because one of the rules of the club is that no information concerning it be supplied to or through the press at any time. I think this a wise and necessary protest against the vulgar publicity given to-day to everything connected with people or sections of people. I can, however, send you the address privately, and will do so if you will forward a stamped addressed envelope. Applicants for membership must be proposed and seconded by members, and both entrance and annual fees are £5 5s. In some exceptional cases the annual fee might be reduced, but individuals especially interesting otherwise might be excluded, but only for ladies more highly endowed intellectually than financially could such exception be made.

E.—I fear excess of flesh always comes in the first instance from excess of food, not a gluttonous quantity necessarily, but more than was adequate for the demands made by the system. But the stoutness of young girls is not invariably an abiding condition. School-girls often grow stout because their habits are sedentary while their appetite is healthy. They are likely to lose their superabundant tissue when they emerge into a busier life with its increase of physical exercise, interests, and occupations. Excessive stoutness at a later period, say between twenty and thirty, has a more serious aspect, and looks more like permanence. The most direct remedy is abstinence as far as possible from all liquids as beverages; where liquid must be taken, let it be when the meal is finished, not during its course. In ordinary cases this will have the desired effect without recourse to the next step, which involves abstinence from the use of sugar, butter and root vegetables, as potatoes, turnips, artichokes, beet, etc., and from sweetened and milky puddings. Where a woman of any age retains her active appearance, it is a great advantage both to her looks, her activity, and her power of endurance.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



The Fireside Club

SEARCH PASSAGES

(Bird Notes from Tennyson.)

1. "delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble."
2. "shouting to the light
As the grey dawn stole o'er the dewy world."
3. "chirrup on the roof."
4. "Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once when young."
5. "fluted in the elm."
6. "May-music, growing with the growing light.
Their sweet sun-worship."
7. "he sung. . . .
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unexpressed."
8. "Told his name to all the hills."
9. "could scarce get out his notes for joy."
10. "pipe along the fallow lea."
11. "Thro' damp holts new flushed with may,
Ring sudden scritchies."
12. ". . . . gossip,
Garrulous under a roof of pine."

A prize of the value of Five Shillings will be given for the first paper naming the birds described, and stating where these descriptions occur. Failing a wholly correct answer, the one nearest will score.

MISSING WORD ACROSTIC

1. "I suppose myself to be better acquainted than any living authority with the ridgy effect of a —, passed unsympathetically over the human countenance."
2. "As, for —; on the question whether 'twas nobler in the mind to suffer, some roared yes, and some no."
3. "'Never mind me, —,' returned that diabolical cornhandler, 'a pleasure's a pleasure all the world over.'"
4. "Farewell — acquaintances of my childhood, henceforth I was for London and greatness."
5. "And there my sister was laid quietly in the earth, while the larks sang high above —, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees."
6. "Dear old —, life is made of ever so many partings welded together."
7. "I was beginning to be rather vain of my —, for I spent my birthday guineas on it."

Give the seven words omitted above (all to be found in one of Charles Dickens' books), and quote a description of the character whose name their initials spell.

A prize of the value of Five Shillings offered for the first correct answer.

TWO SPECIAL COMPETITIONS

I

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best original anagram on the name of any statesman at present in the Cabinet.

Answers to Wordsworth Search Questions in May number:—1. from *Excursion*, Bk. iv. The other four are from Bks. iii. ii. i. vi. of *The Prelude*. The prize is sent to Mrs. W. Long, 399 London Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Answers to Dickens Acrostic in May number:—1. Flower. 2. Lady. 3. Oyster. 4. Russian. 5. Excursion. 6. Nature. 7. Cry. 8. Easy. All from *Dombey and Son*. Florence, "a child in inno-

cent simplicity, etc."—ch. 47. The prize is sent to A. L. Kensit, 146 Alexander Road, South Hampstead, N.W.

II

A Prize of Half-a-Guinea is offered for the best Double Acrostic composed by our readers, consisting of seven lights whose initials spell A SUMMER, and whose finals spell HOLIDAY. We suggest that the initials should read upwards, and the finals downwards, as easiest, but leave this to each competitor's discretion, all we ask for being a good acrostic. Previous prize-winners of this year debarred.

All answers must be in by July 15, and marked FIRESIDE CLUB on the envelope.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

(Books received:—*Pearl Maiden*, H. RIDER HAGGARD, Longmans & Co., 6s. *As a Tree Falls*, L. PARRY TRUSCOTT, Pseudonym Library, T. Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d. *Bert Edward, the Golf Caddie*, HORACE HUTCHINSON, John Murray, 2s. 6d. net. *Love-Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*, The De La More Press, 2s. 6d. net. *Practical Home Millinery*, AMY J. REEVE, Longmans & Co., 2s.)

"It was but two hours after midnight, yet many were wakeful in Caesarea on the Syrian coast. Herod Agrippa, King of all Palestine—by grace of the Romans—now at the very apex of his power, celebrated a festival in honour of the Emperor Claudius, to which had flocked all the mightiest in the land and tens of thousands of the people. The city was full of them, their camps were set upon the sea-beach and for miles around; there was no room at the inns or in the private houses, where guests slept upon the roofs, the couches, the floors, and in the gardens. The great town hummed like a hive of bees disturbed after sunset, and though the louder sounds of revelling had died away, parties of feasters, many of them still crowned with fading roses, passed along the streets shouting and singing to their lodgings. As they went they discussed—those of them who were sufficiently sober—the incidents of that day's games in the great circus, and offered or accepted odds upon the more exciting events of the morrow."

So in five sentences Mr. Rider Haggard stretches a big canvas before us and sketches in, with skilful draughtsmanship and fine colour, the great opening scene of his story, *Pearl Maiden, a Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem*.

It is an interesting and vivid picture of Eastern life in the early years of the Christian era. Although undisguisedly modern and occidental in both talk and action, still his men and women are alive, and the pageant of these opening chapters is really an admirable piece of work. Where Scripture history is touched Mr. Haggard's treatment is dignified.

At its first appearance the Pseudonym Library pioneered the course, if we mistake not, of publishing good original fiction in easily pocketable volumes, and *Mademoiselle Ice* is not easily forgotten. We are glad to note that after an interval Mr. Fisher Unwin is continuing the series. Mr. Parry Truscott's story, *As a Tree Falls*, is a sombre study of working-class life and character. Studiously keeping to low tones, and within ordinary limits, there

The Fireside Club

is a distinction in Mr. Truscott's style which gives reality to his types—the facile Arthur Hobbs—Isaac the ambitious dreamer, on whom circumstance set its labour-worn hand—and Rhoda, generally willing to please where she could, but weak and faulty in every relation of life, with one notable exception.

Golf stories necessarily appeal to a limited audience, but there is so much artless human nature in this history of *Bert Edward*, a golf caddie, that any one even slightly acquainted with the language of golf can enjoy the book. Bert Edward MacTavish is the son of a Highland shepherd. The story opens with the day on which he first makes acquaintance with boots, school, golf, and taws. "What a place was the world!"

Soon he leaves his native glen with a tribe of gipsies for St. Andrews, where he learns to caddy. He learns to play golf too, by much practice, as well as by many precepts from the king of the gipsies. Here we may suppose Mr. Hutchinson himself to speak. "The art of golf," he tells us, "consists very much in the approach play." "A golfer's apt to hit his first shot ill . . . to keep him in the best of tempers it is well to tee the first ball high."

Bert Edward proves a born golfer, and growing to man's estate, is offered a post as a green-keeper in the south of England. There he gains fame by his increasing mastery of that cunning game which, as the old saying puts it, "is aye fechtin' agen ye"; he wins the championship at Sandwich, and soon after seeks and finds and wins and weds his early love of gipsy days, Flora Petulengro.

True golfers, we suppose, will read with greater interest of Bert Edward's golf than of his simple love-making, and for their benefit we may quote this technical description of his merits as a player, his amazing steadiness and straightness.

"It was not that he drove the ball as tremendously as (his swing was always too controlled, too short, moreover, for that), nor that his putting was remarkable for its accuracy—there was no one feature of his game, unless it was his approach play, that was notable above the rest—but the whole was of a wonderful uniformity. He drove low, with a strong push from the forearm, the body weight brought in just at the right time. His second shot from a fair lie was as long as his tee-shot. Both were straight as a line, and he rarely missed the one or the other. The approach, flying low with a cut that made the ball stop very dead off so low a trajectory, was the masterpiece, and the times that he holed off his mashie in a round were more than credible."

No modern Englishwoman, be she of Mr. Housman's imagining, or even Mrs. Browning in *proprid personâ*, can hold a candle to Dorothy Osborne as a writer of love-letters. These before us, so daintily reprinted in *The King's Classics*, are as charming as when they were written in the troubled mid-years of the seventeenth century, when Sir Peter Osborne held Guernsey for the King, and his only daughter Dorothy met and lost her heart to Sir John Temple's eldest son William. Both fathers disapproved, and Dorothy's other suitors were numerous and urgent (including, by the way, Henry Cromwell, a son of the great Oliver). The vicissitudes of a seven years' waiting, prelude to forty years of married happiness, are reflected in many tender passages of hope and despair among

the varied descriptions, criticisms, and confidences of these fascinating pages.

"Can there be a more romance story than ours would make if the conclusion should prove happy?" sighs Dorothy. "Ah, I dare not hope it;" and, touching the recent marriage of a friend, she adds, "How merry and pleased she is with her marrying, because there is a plentiful fortune; otherwise she would not value the man at all. This is the world; would you and I were out on't: for, sure, we were not made to live in it. Do you remember Arne and the little house there? Shall we go thither? that's next to being out of the world. There we might live like Baucis and Philemon, grow old together in our little cottage, and for our charity to some shipwrecked strangers obtain the blessing of dying both at the same time. How idly I talk; 'tis because the story pleases me, none in Ovid so much. I remember I cried when I read it. Methought they were the perfectest characters of a contented marriage, where piety and love were all their wealth, and in their poverty feasted the gods when rich men shut them out. I am called away, farewell!"

Character-sketches of the company she happened to be among abound in the letters. As this of "a gentleman whose mistress died just when they should have married; and though 'tis many years since, you may read it in his face still. His humour was very good, I believe, before that accident, for he will yet say pleasant things enough, but 'tis so seldom that he speaks at all, and when he does, 'tis with so sober a look, that one may see he is not moved at all himself when he diverts the company most. You will not be jealous though I say I like him very much."

Or these, of her brother-in-law Peyton and his successive wives. "My sister was a melancholy, retired woman, and besides the company of her husband and her books, never sought any, but could have spent a life much longer than hers was in looking to her house and her children. This lady is of a free jolly humour, loves cards and company, and is never more pleased than when she sees a great many others that are so too. Now with both these he so perfectly complied that 'tis hard to guess which humour he is more inclined to himself."

Or this note on a gentleman she knew, who would never say "the weather grew cold," but that "winter began to salute us." . . . "I never had, I think, but one letter from Sir Justinian, but 'twas worth twenty of anybody else's to make me sport. It was the most sublime nonsense that in my life I ever read; and yet I believe he descended as low as he could to come near my weak understanding. . . . All letters, methinks, should be free and easy as one's discourse; not studied as an oration nor made up of hard words like a charm."

From classical love-letters to *Practical Home Millinery* is a long step, but though not literature, Miss Reeve's treatise is to be taken seriously as a scientific text-book of the art with which she deals. She writes for teachers of technical classes and for those preparing for examinations; and we read with due awe of the Theory Paper which it is advisable to illustrate with diagrams. The style seems methodical, clear and exhaustive, and we endorse the author's expectation that home-workers as well as professional women are likely to appreciate this useful little book.

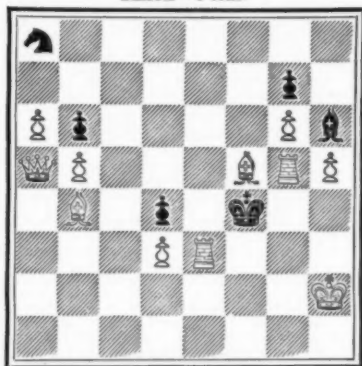
Our Chess Page

Close of Solving Competition.

The fifth and last batch of problems:

No. 15.—"Tyr."

BLACK—6 MEN

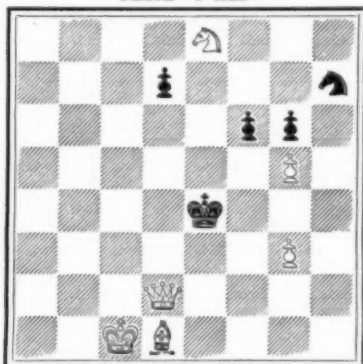


WHITE—11 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 16.—"Cromwell."

BLACK—5 MEN

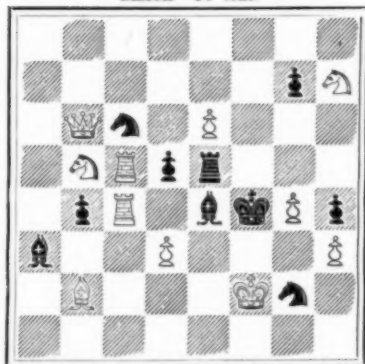


WHITE—6 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 17.—"Didn't I say so?"

BLACK—10 MEN

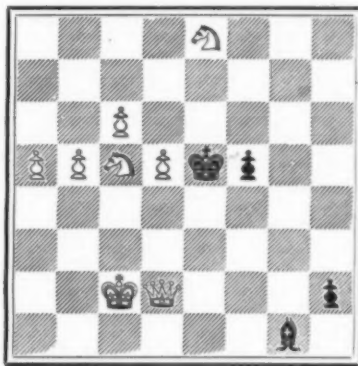


WHITE—11 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 18.—"Pathfinder."

BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

Solutions must be in our hands by September 1st from Home Competitors, and by November 15th from those Abroad.

Comments from Solvers are invited.

End games by Mr. S. J. Stevens.

Solutions:—

No. 1. Key-move Kt to B 5.

Black has five modes of defence:—

1, if	Q—B 1	Q—B 7
		R—K 5
2, if	Q—Kt 1	Q—Q 6 +
		K—K 1
3, if	Q—Q 2	Q—B 8 +
		Q—K 1
4, if	Q—K 7	Q—B 8 +
		K—B 2
5, if	Q—Kt 3	Q—B 8 +
		K—B 2

The continuation in each case will provide an interesting study.

No. 2. Black having the move plays Q to R 6 + K—K 1 K—B 1. These moves being Q—R 5 + Q—R 6 +. These moves being repeated on both sides should result in a drawn game.

Black being a piece minus cannot abandon the attack.

White's forces are badly placed.

The first solution to No. 1 was received from A. T. GARDINER, 25 Wellington Road, Hastings, who accordingly takes the Five Shilling Prize.

Our Chess Page

Correct solutions were also received (in order of time) from ARTHUR J. HEAD, WM. B. MUIR, P. OSBORN, J. D. RIDLEY, and JAMES BLAND.

The only solution so far received to No. 2 is from H. BALSON, 262 Normanton Road, Derby, to whom the Prize of Five Shillings is awarded.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

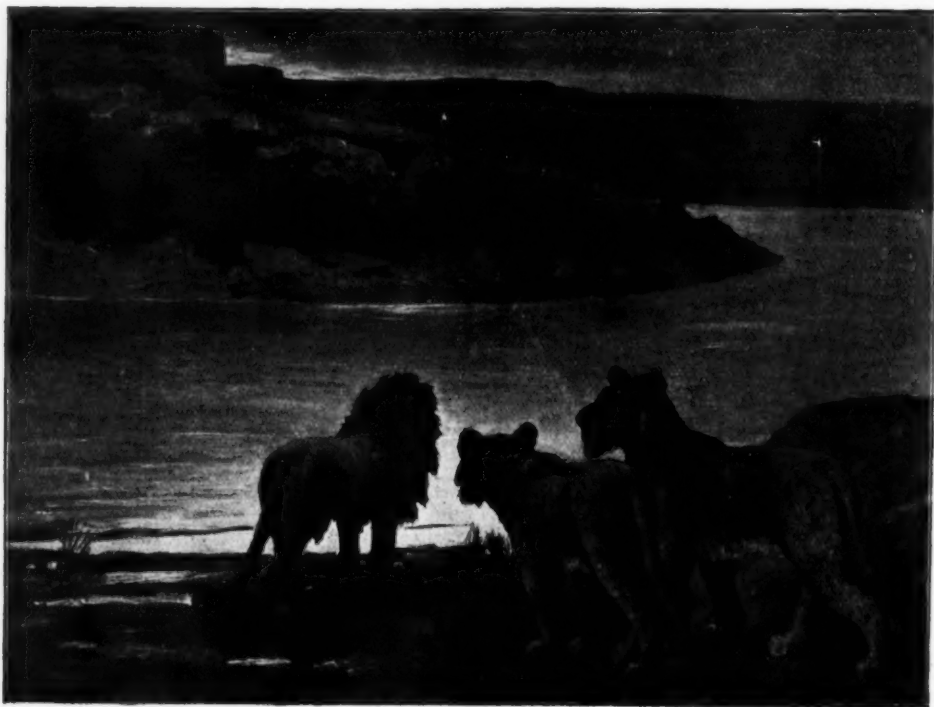
We offer **Ten Prizes of Five Shillings** each for the best photographs of SEASIDE SCENE.

Photographs to be received by the Editor, *The Leisure Hour* Office, 4, Bouverie St., Fleet St., London, E.C., not later than July 14, 1903. Prize

Photographs to be the property of *The Leisure Hour*.

We offer **Five Prizes of Five Shillings** each for the best photographs of GARDEN SCENE. The Scene may be with or without human figures.

Photographs to be received by the Editor (address as above) not later than August 4, 1903.



From the painting by G. Wertheimer.

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THE RIVAL

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[To face matter.

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